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MR. J. L. WHARTON, M.P.
(RIPON DIVISION OF WEST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.)



COLONEL F. DUNCAN, C.B., M.P.
(HOLBORN DIVISION OF FINSBURY.)

THE MOVER AND SECONDER OF THE ADDRESS IN THE COMMONS.



LORD RIPON AND MR. JOHN MORLEY IN IRELAND: TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION FROM KINGSTOWN TO DUBLIN.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The editor of the *Nineteenth Century* has been judicious in admitting into his columns the paper "How to live on £700 a year." It is a question that a good many people could answer very easily; but not the class who can afford to purchase a half-crown review—the subscription to which, by-the-by, the author of the article has rather ungratefully left out of his list of "necessary expenses." We have had endless receipts of how to live on next to nothing; but the unfortunate young men who find it impossible to marry under a thousand a year, have had until now no guide, philosopher, and friend, to show them how to do it. It is clear enough that it is they, and not the young ladies, who are afraid to face what, in comparison to the mode of life to which they have been accustomed, is genteel poverty. Whatever Edwin—snug in his club—may sigh about his disinclination to transfer dearest Angelina from Mayfair to Kensington, and deprive her of her carriage and her stall at the opera, we know very well that what he is really thinking of is how *he* shall get on without his pint of champagne at dinner and his sevenpenny cigar afterwards; and the gentleman who has taken it in hand to bring about these marriages thoroughly understands this.

I have submitted his calculations to one of the best lady household-managers in London, and the smile with which that female-searcher pointed out to me the drift of his figures was very significant. She admits indeed that—for a man—they are extremely creditable: he shows far more knowledge of housekeeping than most male creatures; but the way in which he leans towards the husband is (save for the good object he has in view) simply abominable. Out of £700 a year (she says), more than £150 ought, surely, to be given to Angelina to keep house with? The estimate of the green-grocer's account (£10 6s.) is extremely small; and if the fish is got at the poulterer's as well as the fowl, £10 3s. 7d. will not go very far in *that* direction. The dairyman's bill (especially if baby—for one baby is allowed to this young couple—takes milk from outside sources) is also much too small. On the other hand, "pleasures, presents, and smoking" are set down at the comparatively large figure of £35 18s. 2d., and "travelling and tips" at £43 7s. 5d. Who can doubt in whose interest these domestic accounts have been thus arranged. As a lure to Edwin the thing is excusable; but I do hope that Angelina, when her love-bird is caught and caged, will get something more out of him for housekeeping. It should certainly not be taken from that "balance" of £50 in which "charities" (doubtless omitted from motives of delicacy) and "insurance" ought to be included. What delights me is the infinitesimal detail of these little accounts; the "demnition threepence," as Mr. Mantalini would have termed it, that appears in the husband's tailor's bill, and the twopence in "pleasures, presents, and smoking." Let us hope that sum does not denote a "present," for it would seem a cheap one even for poor people with only "£700 a year."

"Brave little Wales," not content with battling against alien foes in its own country, is apparently bent on converting the Londoner. The meeting the other day of the Cymmrodorion—which is not a flowering plant, as has been generally supposed, but a society—seems to have been a great success; though whether its object of bringing Eisteddfods into fashion amongst us will be attained is doubtful. It has secured a persuasive Englishman, Mr. J. C. Parkinson, to support its claims, and has given him in return a Welsh name—Aman—which he can pronounce. There seems little doubt that the real object of this mysterious society is to substitute its native tongue for ours. A Welsh inspector of schools expressed his opinion that the mysteries of the national orthography could be taught to an Englishman in a few hours; and everybody has a right to their own opinion. Still, it is a mistake to suppose, because so many Londoners dispense with their aspirates, that they can also get along without their vowels. As a general rule it may be taken for granted that nothing can be very interesting which one can't pronounce: this is what forbids the tender tear to fall for the Russian heroine in fiction; a language need not be harmonious to be widely adopted—as we learn from the well-known phrase, "all civilised languages and also German"—but it must be consonant with the human ear—and not all consonants.

"A Mother of Five" has been protesting against the custom of certain School-Board masters of giving "home lessons" to be learnt by her daughters, who afterwards appeal to *her* for educational assistance:—"Mother, is this sum right?" (when she is engaged on quite other calculations) or, "Mother, this parsing drives me mad." I sympathise with this oppressed woman from the bottom of my heart, and do most earnestly hope that this domestic persecution will not extend to persons in a higher rank of life. Conceive a young gentleman coming home from his public school and asking Paterfamilias to help him with his parsing! If any adult can make either head or tail of the Latin "primers" now in (so-called) use at our higher educational establishments, I will give him a box of cigars and a bottle of the best brandy. Grammar, lest our youth, I suppose, should gorge themselves to repletion with that attractive subject, has been rendered of late years absolutely unintelligible. Even a boy, one would hope, would not have the brutality to ask the person to whom he owes his being, questions about grammar. If this inquisition, however, is to take place, it doesn't much matter what he asks. The word "home" will no longer have a meaning in our language. For what does Paterfamilias now know, not, indeed, about grammatical primers, but even about the things that he did know when at school? In nine cases out of ten, he knows absolutely nothing of them. If he takes up an examination-paper which has been set for his son of twelve years old, it might just as well be Sanscrit, as far as

he is concerned. It is all very well to say, "every school-boy knows," and apply it in a depreciatory sense; but, at all events, every schoolboy knows a deal more of that examination paper than Paterfamilias. Those neat little propositions in Euclid, those charming lines from the Seven against Thebes, those admirable extracts from Livy, where the deuce have they, I wonder, gone to? (*I haven't got 'em.*) There are persons of culture, I understand, who still take an interest in these matters; but generally speaking—say in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred—people don't. They are in our system, of course—doing us no end of good; but we are not going to be tapped for them by boys who ought to be taking them into *their* systems at first hand from the School-master. We have borne a good deal from that highly cultivated person, but the bubble of high-class education does not dazzle us quite so much as it used to do: and lest he "learn by proof in some wild hour, how much the Wretched dare," let him leave us our hearths and homes unharmed by the inquiring schoolboy.

It has been decided by the Chichester Board of Guardians that dominoes is not a game of chance, and, therefore, may be indulged in by the inmates of the workhouse. I wonder what objection they would have had to it had they come to the contrary conclusion? It could hardly, under the circumstances, have been an encouragement to gambling. The commanding officer of a great military home station, who was much devoted to whist, and very lucky at it, was once summoned before the Commander-in-Chief, and thus addressed, with severe significance: "General, I am sorry to hear that there has been a great deal of gambling going on in the regiments in your district." "It has been so, your Royal Highness," admitted the other, cheerfully; "but I give you my word of honour that there will be no more of it." "Very good; of course I take your word; but may I ask you how you can be in a position to give me that promise?" "Because, Sir, I have won all their money." The explanation, of course, was satisfactory; and I think the Chichester guardians might, for the same reason—namely, that the poor fellows have nothing to gamble with—let these paupers play at games of chance as much as they please. No doubt the violent delights of draughts are forbidden at Chichester, on the ground of *that* being a game of chance. It is popularly supposed to be so, and, in the sporting papers, I see champion draught players continually being backed to beat the world. As a matter of fact, however, I understand that it is really impossible for a first-rate draught-player, *who has the first move*, to be beaten, though his adversary may make it a drawn game.

In Edward Lear the world has lost one of those rare writers who can claim to be original. There are three other names which suggest themselves as having a similar, though, of course, much wider, gift of peculiar humour—the authors of the "Bab Ballads," of "Alice in Wonderland," and of "Lilliput Levée." The two former have had ample recognition, but the last named has never attained one quarter of the popularity he deserves. What immensely increased that of Mr. Lear was that the example he set in his "Book of Nonsense" was imitated by all who had the least turn for a joke, or talent for versifying. Half the Judges on the Bench, and no small proportion of the Bishops, tried their 'prentice hand at nonsense verses. I remember one of the first efforts of a very high authority indeed:—

There was a young man of Apulia
Whose conduct was worse than peculiar,
For he picked out fat snails
With his scarf-pin, or nails,
And then gave them his wife—Lady Julia.

It may be said that, though this was his first, it could scarcely have been his best essay; and the observation is a just one; but it is the one best adapted for publication.

A British historian has just died, the journals inform us, full of years, if not of literary honours. Only one copy of his book was ever sold by his publisher; he afterwards "recalled the whole edition" (which could not have given him much trouble), and never spoke of that operation in Paternoster-row from that day till his death. This seems to me a very pathetic story. It is so hard to publish a book which one can get nobody to buy—or only one person, which is next to nobody. The good gentleman thought his "History of England" an excellent one, no doubt; imagined it would throw new lights upon disputed questions, and prove Lingard and Macaulay equally wrong. He calculated upon 2000 copies, at least, being sold, and a cheap edition of 20,000. How many honest fellows have done the same! There is an ancient story of a simple cleric, who came up to the Row with some MS. sermons, to be published at his own expense. When asked how large an edition he wished to be printed, he said: "Well, I suppose every parish in England will take, at least, *one* copy"; and it was agreed that there were to be as many copies as parishes. Only ten copies of the sermons, however, were sold, and the printer's bill was enormous. "My vanity has ruined me!" exclaimed the poor clergyman. "Well, it might have done so," said the good publisher, with a kindly smile (for this is a publisher's story), "only I ventured to cut down your order to one hundred copies, which you see has been more than sufficient." One of the prettiest tales I know is that in which the lady of fortune marries the gentleman from Grub-street and makes him a happy man by secretly buying his books, of which he had otherwise no chance of disposing. But it was a dangerous kindness after all; not to sell your book is bad enough, but to believe you have sold it and then to find out that nobody has bought it but your wife must be a much more serious matter.

Abbotsford, I read, is still to let. At first sight nothing seems more attractive to all classes of hero-worshippers than to dwell in the same residence which has been consecrated by the presence of their idol. It almost appears to them that the atmosphere of his genius must still surround it, and that the incoming tenant will wear at least the shadow of his halo.

Exactly the contrary of this is what, however, generally takes place. Even a person of some importance in his own line loses it by the contrast with the other's greatness, just as a graceful but diminutive figure is lost in the clothes of one of larger stature. How dreadful it would be for a small novelist, even if he had the necessary means, to live at Abbotsford! The tenant of such a place ought to have no similarity of renown at all. In any case, it would be useless for him to plant a tree, or build a bower, or perform any action dear to a proprietor in the hope of future recognition, for everything would be reckoned from "Sir Walter's time." On the other hand, no true sportsman need feel out of his element at Abbotsford, and might hold himself the equal of his great predecessor as regards at least one side of his character; the locality, moreover, is too distant from the great centres of population to be much harried by pilgrims.

Where a literary shrine is easy of access, the case of the new lessee is sad indeed. He is, of course, despised by his neighbours, who are always comparing him with his predecessor, as a widow throws her first husband with his title at her second who has none; but for that, when he took the place, he was probably prepared. What much more annoys him is the way in which his existence is ignored by the passing stranger. Visitors drive up to his gate every summer day, flatten their noses against his windows, sit the bottom out of his garden-chairs, and cross-examine his domestics about the habits of the great man departed as though no one was reigning in his stead. Without sharing any of the other's popularity, he is deprived of his own privacy. I once knew a passionate admirer of a deceased poet who purchased his house in the country, from mere sentiment, at a fancy price, and was so persecuted in consequence that he quite altered his views of that bard's immortal works. From welcoming his brother-worshippers to the shrine with open arms at all times, he got by degrees to limit their visits to three days a week, and eventually, to charge them sixpence a head for admission. His successor, who made no pretence of admiration for genius, and took the house because he liked it, now keeps it—thanks to a bulldog and the garden-engine—quite snug and private.

PARLIAMENT.

Ancient as are the old-fashioned scarlet robes and quaint cocked-hats worn by the Royal Commissioners in the House of Lords at the opening of Parliament, we should be loth to see them abolished. Like the old London houses still remaining in Holborn, Fetter-lane, Fleet-street, and Bishopsgate-street, these sumptuary relics have an archaeological interest all their own. Ere Lord Halsbury, who looks brave, indeed, in his brilliant attire, in the centre of his brother Commissioners, reads the Queen's Speech, the smile that is wont to spread over his homely features betokens that the Lord Chancellor, for one, has a shrewd suspicion that his gay garb may not be without a certain grotesqueness. Still, when Lord Halsbury composes his face, and gravely recites each paragraph of the Royal Address to the Peers and Commons assembled, no one can doubt that the Lord Chancellor would as resolutely conserve the scarlet robes and old-world head-gear as he would defend the British Constitution from Radical assault.

That the Movers and Secondors of the Address perform the ceremony so well, as a rule, is the more surprising as custom still exacts that they also should dress their parts in each House, and should, in the Lower House, at any rate, be the cynosures of every eye long before they can acquit themselves of their task.

The Marquis of Salisbury made a specially happy choice of Mover and Secondor in the House of Lords. The Earl of Crawford and Balcarres has probably kindred scientific tastes with the Prime Minister, who is known to revel in chemical experiments. Lord Crawford, who was born on the 28th of July, 1847, is a Fellow of the Royal Society, and was lately President of the Royal Astronomical Society. Before his Lordship succeeded his estimable father, he sat in the House of Commons for Wigan from 1874 to 1880. He married, on the 22nd of July, 1869, the second daughter of Colonel the Hon. Edward Wilbraham. With the Continent of Europe one vast arsenal at the present time, Baron Armstrong was the very Peer to second the Address. As recorded in Burke's "Peerage," Lord Armstrong, son of the late Mr. William Armstrong, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, is the inventor of the Armstrong gun, and founder of the famous Elswick Works. He was born in 1810. His Lordship is also credited with the invention of the present system of utilising hydraulic power, for which the Albert Medal of the Society of Arts was presented to him by the Prince of Wales. He was engineer of rifled ordnance in the War Department from 1858 to 1863; President of the British Association in 1863, and of the Institution of Civil Engineers in 1882, and has been thrice President of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers. Lord Armstrong was raised to the Peerage on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee. Comment on the speeches is reserved till our "Silent Member" resumes his Parliamentary record next week.

The Mover of the Address in the House of Commons is the member for the Ripon division of the West Riding of Yorkshire, Mr. John Lloyd Wharton. He was born in 1837, the only son of Mr. J. T. Wharton, of Aberford, Yorkshire, and of Dryburn, Durham; he was educated at Eton, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1862, and is a Magistrate for the West Riding, and Chairman of the Quarter Sessions for the County of Durham. He is a Conservative and was M.P. for the city of Durham from 1871 to 1874, but thrice unsuccessfully contested elections for that city and the Ripon division, till his return for the latter in 1886.

The Secondor of the Address, Colonel Francis Duncan, C.B., was born at Aberdeen in 1836, son of Mr. John Duncan; was educated at the Aberdeen University, where he has taken the degrees of M.A. and LL.D., entered the Royal Artillery in 1855, and has seen much active military service in British America and in the East, being repeatedly on the staff of Lord Wolseley, and commanding the Egyptian Artillery from 1883 to 1885, for which he received the Egyptian war medal, the third class of the Order of the Osmanli, and a Companionship of the Bath. He is author of a "History of the Royal Artillery," "The English in Spain," "The Royal Province of Nova Scotia," and "Our Empire in the West." He has had the honorary degrees of LL.D. and D.C.L. conferred on him by the University of Durham and by a Canadian University. In November, 1885, he was elected M.P. for the Holborn division of Finsbury.

The Portrait of Mr. Wharton, M.P., is from a photograph by Messrs. James Russell and Sons, of South Kensington.

THE COURT.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, drove out on Friday, Feb. 3; Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg also drove out. The Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, Chancellor of the Exchequer, arrived at Osborne, and had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. The Queen went out on Feb. 4, accompanied by her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice. The Queen and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein drove through West Cowes and Newport in the afternoon; and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg drove out. Mr. St. John, late Minister Resident at Caracas, Venezuela, arrived at Osborne, had an audience of the Queen, and kissed hands on his appointment as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the King of Servia. The Bishop of Ripon had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. On Sunday morning, Feb. 5, the Queen, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service. The Bishop of Ripon officiated. The Queen went out in the morning, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. Mr. Balfour paid a visit to the Queen, at Osborne, on Feb. 6.

A special train left the Victoria Station of the London and Brighton Railway at half-past nine o'clock on the morning of Feb. 7 for Portsmouth, conveying her Majesty's Ministers to Osborne, where the Queen held the usual Council previous to the opening of the Session. Dr. Tindal Robertson, M.P. for Brighton, and Mr. Owen Roberts also travelled to Osborne to receive the honour of knighthood.

It is expected that the Queen, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and attended by the suite, will leave England about March 20 on a visit to Florence. The Royal party will embark at Portsmouth and cross the Channel in the Victoria and Albert yacht to Cherbourg, whence they will travel by special train over the Western Line to Paris. Her Majesty will not stay in the French metropolis, but will pass along the Ceinture Railway to the Lyons line and continue her journey via Dijon, Mâcon, Mont Cenis, Turin, and Genoa to Florence. The Queen is to reside at the Villa Palmieri, which will shortly be ready for her reception. Her Majesty will probably visit the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany at San Remo either while en route to or during her return from Florence. The Queen will remain about three weeks in Italy.

The Queen has sent a beautiful gold and diamond locket, containing her portrait, to the infant daughter of the Reverend James Campbell, the minister of Crathie, who officiates as domestic chaplain when the Court is at Balmoral. The child has been named "Alexandrina Victoria."

The Prince of Wales, who arrived from Osborne on the previous day, went to Sandringham on Feb. 4, and rejoined the Princess of Wales and the young Princesses, who have remained there during the Prince of Wales's visit to the Queen at Osborne. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the household, were present at Divine service on the morning of Sunday, Feb. 5, at the church of St. Mary Magdalene, in the park. The service was conducted by the Rev. H. Smith, who also preached. The Prince of Wales came to London on Feb. 6, from Sandringham, remaining at Marlborough House until after the opening of Parliament.

Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, was present at a thrift meeting, held at the Institute, Kingston Vale, on Feb. 6, under the auspices of the National Thrift Society. She was accompanied by Princess Victoria, Prince Adolphus, and Prince Francis Joseph of Teck.—Prince Francis of Teck will shortly resign his post as Lieutenant in the Post Office Rifles, with a view to obtaining a commission in the Army.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The marriage of William De Blaquiere, son of the late Charles De Blaquiere, of Woodstock, Canada, and heir presumptive of William, fifth Lord De Blaquiere, to Lucianne, eldest daughter of Mr. George Desbarats, was solemnised at Christchurch Cathedral, Montreal, by the Bishop of Montreal, on Jan. 25.

Mr. Montagu Lubbock, M.D., fifth son of the late Sir John Lubbock, was married to Nora, eldest daughter of Mr. Nottidge Charles Macnamara, F.R.C.S., of Grosvenor-street, on Feb. 1, in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Beaumont Lubbock, brother of the bridegroom, acted as best man. There were eight bridesmaids—five being sisters of the bride and three nieces of the bridegroom. Mr. Macnamara gave his daughter away.

Mr. Frederic George Kenyon, B.A., late Scholar of New College, has been elected to a Fellowship at Magdalen College, Oxford.

Messrs. Seeley and Co., of Essex-street, Strand, publish an excellent little work, *The Children's Illustrated Magazine*, a high-class monthly magazine for boys and girls.

In the trial of Messrs. Graham and Burns for riotous conduct, it was Mr. Henry Miles Finch (not Mr. French, as erroneously stated in our report), who appeared with Mr. Asquith for Mr. Graham.

The Queen's Jubilee presents will remain on view to the public up till ten o'clock on Thursdays, instead of on Tuesdays. This change has been made to suit the convenience of the thousands of shopkeepers and shop assistants in East London who benefit by the Thursday five o'clock closing.

The new road connecting FitzJohn's-avenue with Heath-street, Hampstead, was opened on Feb. 2, by the deputy-chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works. The improvement has cost over £100,000, half of which has been paid by Hampstead, and the remainder by the Board.

At a meeting of the governors and friends of Liverpool University College on Feb. 6 it was announced that donations of £1000 had been promised by the Earl of Derby, Messrs. George Holt, A. Booth, and Henry Tate towards the fund for the extension of the University buildings. During the meeting a letter from the Mayor was read intimating that he would give 1000 guineas towards the fund, and Mr. E. K. Muspratt also promised £1000. It was pointed out that there was urgent need for the extension, for which £35,000 would be required.

Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, at the Guildhall, on Feb. 4, presented the prizes to the 24th Middlesex (Post-Office) Volunteers. The Lord Mayor, who came in state, presided. A number of those present subsequently adjourned to the Mansion House, where supper was served. During the evening the band of the regiment played a selection of airs. A concert was afterwards given by members of the corps.—General Lyon-Fremantle, the Deputy Adjutant-General of the Auxiliary Forces on the Headquarters Staff of the Army, presided at the prize distribution of the 4th Volunteer Battalion East Surrey Regiment, at Upper Kennington-lane; and Colonel Duncan, M.P., presided at the prize presentation meeting of the Central London Rangers, at Gray's-inn Hall, when the prizes were distributed by Mrs. Duncan.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

A favourite subject for discussion in the press has long been the relation between a given income and the details of its expenditure. The class which generally receives this exoteric advice and attention is the one in which £300 per annum is the average income; but the latest adventurer in counsel deals with a somewhat more ample margin above the sum required for the bare necessities of existence. It is, of course, a male guide who offers his services; it almost always is a member of the sex that does not housekeep who undertakes to instruct the housekeeping sisterhood. Mr. Layard writes in the *Nineteenth Century*, for the benefit of the large class who have to face life's responsibilities upon some £700 a year. It is not doubted that this income will suffice to procure a decent subsistence for a man and his wife and one or two children. The problem is, how to manoeuvre so that the supposed couple may live as equals of those with twice the income; or perhaps Mr. Layard would consider it more just if I said, rather, how to get the most benefit out of the income, while living on a certain plane of society.

The first thing to settle is the house-rent; and our mentor would fix this at one-seventh of the income. He proposes to get a house near Kensington for £100 a year. In order to pay for this, he would have M. Chose to smoke a pipe in place of cigars, and Madame to ride always in omnibuses instead of in the fleet and handy hansom. I do not perceive that he makes any allowance for the clothes spoiled by following this prescription, as all Madame's dress—gowns for day and evening, bonnets, boots, and everything—is only to cost £35 per annum! Then five adults and a baby are fed under this scheme on less than £3 per week: £150 per annum is all that is allowed for butcher, baker, poulterer, fishmonger, grocer, greengrocer, and dairyman—10s. a day for the entire food of five grown-up persons! There are three servants included in this estimate, who are to be got for £48 2s. 1d. per annum wages—which of them has the penny, and why, is not clear. Mr. Layard will have much to answer for it, by these calculations, he sets young people rushing to the altar with sanguine expectations but inadequate incomes. Not one of his items bears scrutiny.

Let the inexperienced maiden be warned in time—my dear, if you live in a hundred guinea house at Kensington, your servants and your tradespeople will take good care that you shall not feed your household on less than two shillings per head per day. The scale of the expenditure in every department of the domestic economy is unaccountably affected by the house-rent. Rates, taxes, repairs, coals, lights, washing, materials and implements for cleaning, and wages for service, are obviously all increased in direct proportion to the size of the house. But it is indirectly also that the difference is felt, and this to a really curious degree. The mistress of a house may struggle as she will—it is her residence and not she that regulates the scale of living. If her house-rent is considerable, her efforts after economy are vain against the conviction of the servants and the tradespeople, supported by the example of "next door," that, living in a house of that class, she ought to pay at a certain rate for everything. The notion, for instance, that a Kensington fishmonger would consent to send a sixpenny-worth of fish home for evening dinner every other day to a house rented at a hundred guineas per annum, is wild—positively wild! Approach him at the hour of eve, says Mr. Layard, when he is remorsefully considering his unsold stock, and he will be amenable to persuasion. Not a bit of it; the honest tradesman would rather be bankrupt from the waste of his goods than condescend to send cheap fish for a few pence to a hundred-guinea house. Then the servants positively will not work as hard in a large house as in a smaller one; besides which, they expect in the former a more lavish allowance of everything, both of luxuries for kitchen consumption and of matters for domestic use. Poor Mrs. Carlyle complained, in that painfully pathetic document in which she begged for more housekeeping money, that her £16 general servant would not eat whatever was left from the parlour-table, as the £12 maid used to do; poor soul, £700 a year would have placed Jane Carlyle at ease, and saved half her sorrows; but the principle of the domestic demands is the same on the larger income as in this illustration of hers. In fine, my conviction is that the house chosen is the key to the position, low rent not only making a direct saving but also helping in reducing the cost of everything. In my judgment (modestly offered), £75 at the outside should be given for rent by the typical couple with £700 a year.

Mr. Oscar Wilde must be congratulated on the high standard at which he is maintaining the *Woman's World*, the new ladies' monthly magazine, under his editorship. Each successive number has, indeed, been an improvement on its predecessor. All the writers are ladies, excepting only the editor himself, whose contribution is a page or two of crisp, original "Notes," chiefly literary. Nothing could have been better devised to show how much female literary skill there is at command. Amongst Mr. Wilde's contributors there are many ladies who are not recognised authors; but it would be hypercritical to object to aristocratic contributors provided they really have something to say—and the Countesses and Honourable Mesdames whose names adorn the covers of the *Woman's World* have something definite to write about in every instance. Theresa, Countess of Shrewsbury, has an article in the February number, in which she deprecates "women doing the work of men." Lady Shrewsbury certainly utters a very general thought; I have heard it objected over and over again that the wider employment of women in bread-earning is trenching on the power of men to maintain their families. The argument appears to me to overlook the true key to the whole position—the fact that women's work in money-saving in the household (which is equivalent to earning) has been so far taken from them, by machinery and by division and organisation of labour, that a large proportion of them must needs follow the work, and do, not more of the necessary labour of the world than their mothers did, but more of it out of the home. The Hon. Mrs. Joyce writes on emigration for women; Lady Magnus describes her summer tour in Scotland; Mrs. F. Macdonald has a paper on Rousseau; and there is a pretty little parable on love and sympathy by Miss Schreiner. There are, further, a serial story by the lady who calls herself George Fleming, a well-written and illustrated article on fashions, and a set of verses by Miss Crane, appended to a charming decorative drawing by Mr. Walter Crane. "*Woman's World*" is evidently a cultured, extended, and varied one in Mr. Wilde's just view.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Miss Phipson informs me that a committee is engaged in reorganising the Somerville Club for Ladies. Further information will soon be forthcoming about the project; all that can be said at present is that the subscription will be higher than the five shillings of olden days, and that the club-rooms will be situated near Oxford-street.—A *Firm Supporter* raises in her letter the entire question of the writing of biography, and of fidelity in such delineation. I have no room to treat the subject, and refer her to the preface of "*Biographical Sketches*" by Harriet Martineau, where my views are expressed precisely.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

THE STATE OF IRELAND.

Our Special Artist furnishes Sketches of the scenes that attended the arrest and trial of two parish priests in West Donegal, the Rev. Father J. M'Fadden, of Gweedore, and his Curate, the Rev. Daniel Stephens, of Falcarragh, for making inflammatory speeches and inciting tenants to refuse payment of rent. Father M'Fadden, with Mr. Blane, M.P., was arrested on Jan. 22, at Letterkenny, and was committed by Mr. Hamilton, the Resident Magistrate, who refused bail, to the county jail at Derry, escorted by a large body of police. At Derry, the police conducting him to prison were stopped and stoned by a riotous crowd, and a company of the 60th Rifles had to be called out. The offence having been committed at Dunfanaghy, the trial was held there on Jan. 28, before Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Garrett Nagle. A strong military force was assembled there, and at Letterkenny a hundred of the Rifles, 200 of the West Surrey regiment, and fifty dragoons. In the meantime, at Falcarragh, the house of Father Stephens was guarded night and day by armed peasants, to prevent his arrest; but he went to Dunfanaghy, while the trial of Father M'Fadden was going on, and was arrested in the Court-house, having entered it to speak to Father M'Fadden. This caused much excitement among the people in the streets; but the priests exerted their influence to prevent violence; and the dragoons were kept mounted, ready to disperse them if any riot were attempted, while soldiers in double file guarded the roadways. The Magistrates, after hearing the case, and Mr. Adams having spoken as counsel for the defendant, sentenced Father M'Fadden to three months' imprisonment, but without hard labour, for taking part in an unlawful conspiracy. Father Stephens was allowed to give bail for his appearance on Feb. 14 at the Falcarragh Petty Sessions.

The visit of the Marquis of Ripon and Mr. John Morley, M.P., to Dublin, was attended by great popular demonstrations. These distinguished members of the English Liberal Party, followers of Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy, arrived on Feb. 1, at five in the evening, by the steam-boat at Kingstown, where they were met by a party of Nationalist leaders from Dublin, headed by Alderman Kernan, acting for the Lord Mayor, Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P., Mr. E. D. Gray, M.P., and Mr. T. Harrington, M.P. An address from the Town Commissioners was presented; and they left Kingstown, at six o'clock, in a line of carriages, which were met, on approaching Dublin, by a great procession of carriages, horsemen, and thousands of people on foot, with many green flags, bands of music, and torch-bearers at Lower Mount-street bridge. The procession, which formed in Merion-square, escorted the visitors through Westland-row, Brunswick-street, and Sackville-street, to Rutland-square, the residence of Mr. Samuel Walker, Q.C., who was Attorney-General under Mr. Gladstone's Government. The great meeting in Leinster Hall, on Thursday evening, Feb. 2, the day on which Lord Ripon and Mr. Morley were presented with the freedom of the City Corporation, was presided over by Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P. The back of the orchestra was decorated with banners, one of which displayed the heraldic shields of England and Ireland, surmounted by the Imperial crown, with two sprays of shamrock. Speeches were delivered by Lord Ripon and Mr. Morley, and resolutions were passed in favour of an Irish Parliament.

THE CHURCH.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is in residence at Lambeth.

In commemoration of the Jubilee, the parish church of Dorking has been enriched by the addition of a handsome memorial window, which has been erected by public subscription.

The Rev. W. O'Donnell, professor at Maynooth College, has been appointed Bishop of Raphoe, which see is vacant by the promotion of Dr. Logue to the primatial see of Armagh.

Lord Lyttelton has had placed at his disposal the living of Churchill, near Kidderminster, by the death of the Rev. Reginald P. Turner.

The Lord Chancellor's living of Tisbury, near Tewkesbury, Gloucester, of the value of £407 a year, is placed at his Lordship's disposal by the death of the Rev. Joseph F. Hone, at the age of eighty-six. He had held the Vicarage for sixty years.

The Master and the Fellows of Magdalen College, Cambridge, have presented the vacant rectory of Great Transham, in Norfolk, to the Rev. George Preston, late fellow of the college, and now head-master of the King's School at Chester.

The committee of the Church Pastoral Aid Society have elected the Rev. Ernest N. Coulthard, Curate of St. Mary's, Kilburn, to the office of metropolitan secretary, void by the preferment of the Rev. Walter C. Tucker to the vicarage of St. Matthew's, Hammersmith.

The installation of the Rev. Dr. Hole, the new Dean of Rochester, took place in the Cathedral of that city on Feb. 2, in the presence of a large congregation, which included the Mayor and Corporation. The induction and installation were carried out with the usual formalities by the Bishop of Rochester and the Vice-Dean, the Rev. Canon Jelf.

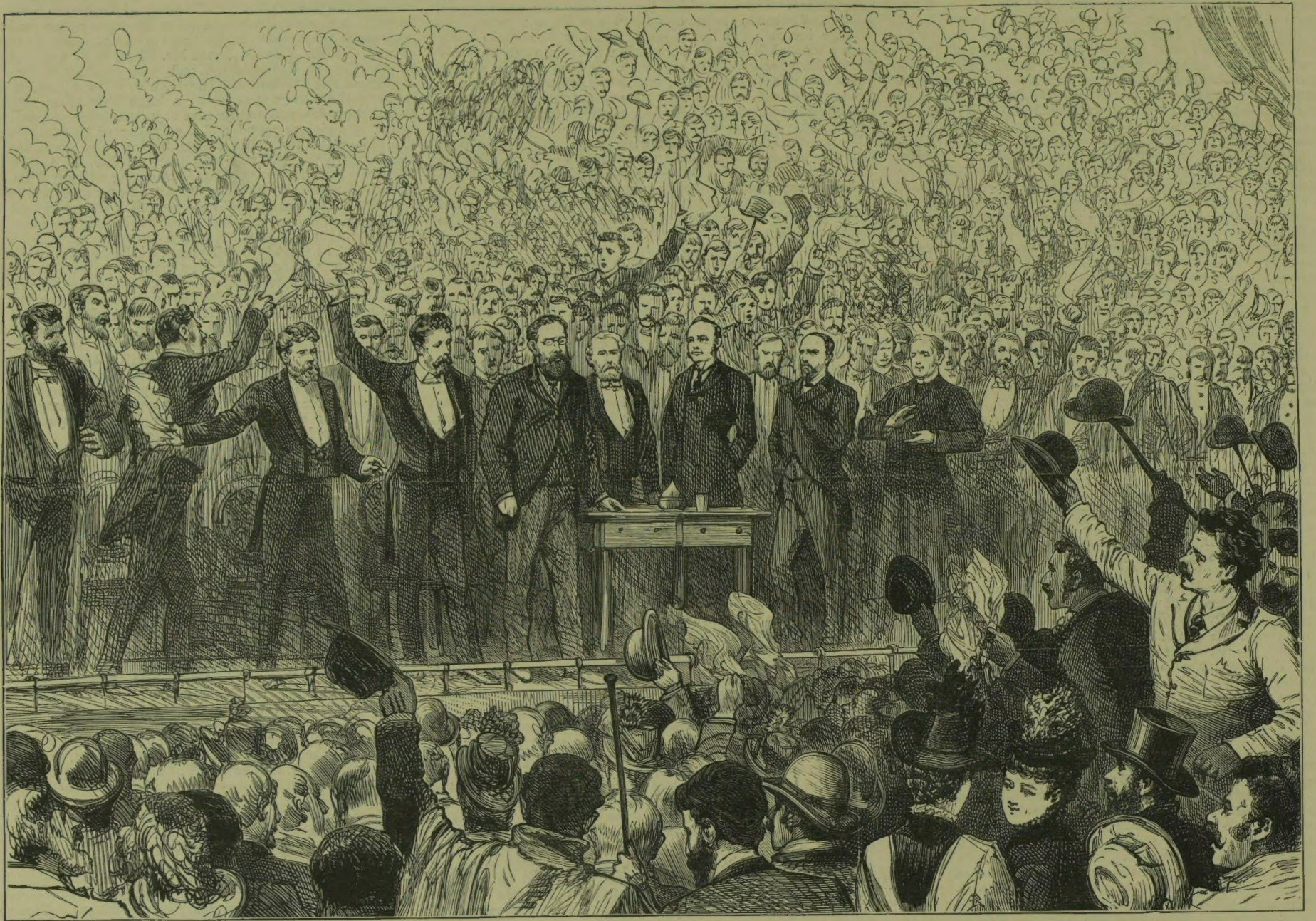
A cloister memorial of the late Earl of Dudley was opened on Feb. 6, at the parish church, Kidderminster. It is intended as a recognition of the many acts of munificence to the church and town of Kidderminster by the late Lord Dudley. Amongst those who attended the ceremony were the Countess of Dudley and the young Lord Dudley, the Bishops of Worcester and St. Albans, the Mayor and Corporation of Kidderminster, and a large number of clergy.

On Feb. 4 the Bishop of London consecrated the first section—viz., the chancel end of the new permanent church of St. Augustine, Archway-road, which is within the parish of All Saints, Highgate, of which the Rev. Edgar Smith, M.A., is Vicar. There was a large congregation. This portion of the new church has been erected at a cost of £4000, all of which has been raised. The church will be completed according as funds are provided, the determination of the Building Committee being not to incur any debt. The total cost will be about £8000 or £9000.

Mr. Joseph Westwood has been elected Master of the Horners' Company; Mr. C. H. Compton, Upper Warden; and Mr. W. H. Collingridge, Renter Warden.

Mr. Campbell-Bannerman intends granting allotments to his labourers on his estate at Hunton, Kent.—Mr. James Lund, of Malsis Hall, Crosshills, Keighley, has promised fifteen acres of land to the Corporation of Keighley for use as a park, to be called "Lund's Park."

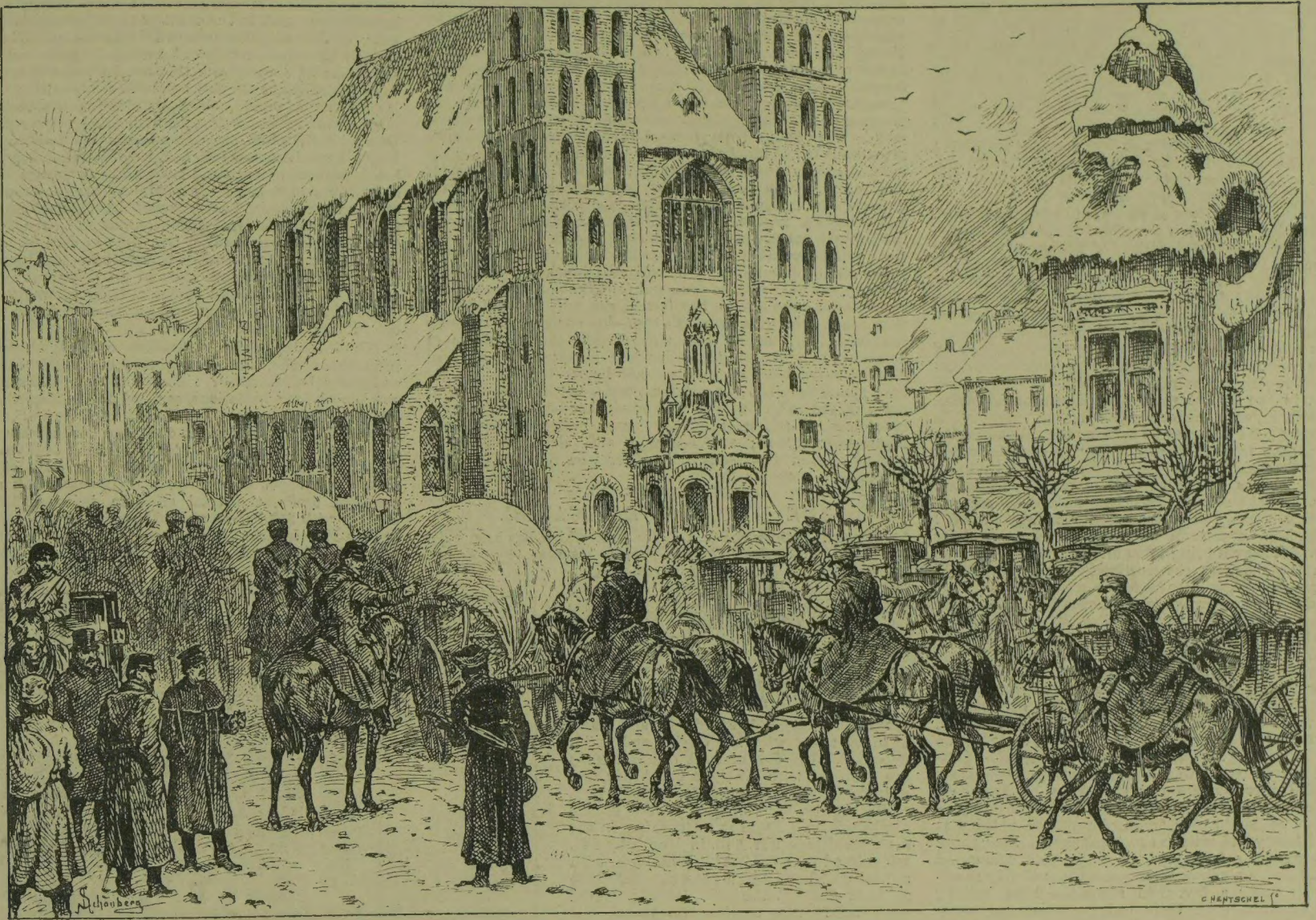
In the Queen's Bench Division, on Feb. 3, a man, named Helmore, sued Mr. Loch, the secretary of the Charity Organisation society, for libel. The plaintiff endeavoured to establish a home for waifs and strays, for which he asked the benevolent to give him forty-three thousand pounds; and, to advertise the scheme, he went into the streets with a piano organ, and dressed in a monk's robe and cowl. The Charity Organisation Society advertised and sent out circulars cautioning the public against entrusting their money to Helmore. This was the libel complained of. The jury returned a verdict for the defendant, for whom judgment was entered with costs.



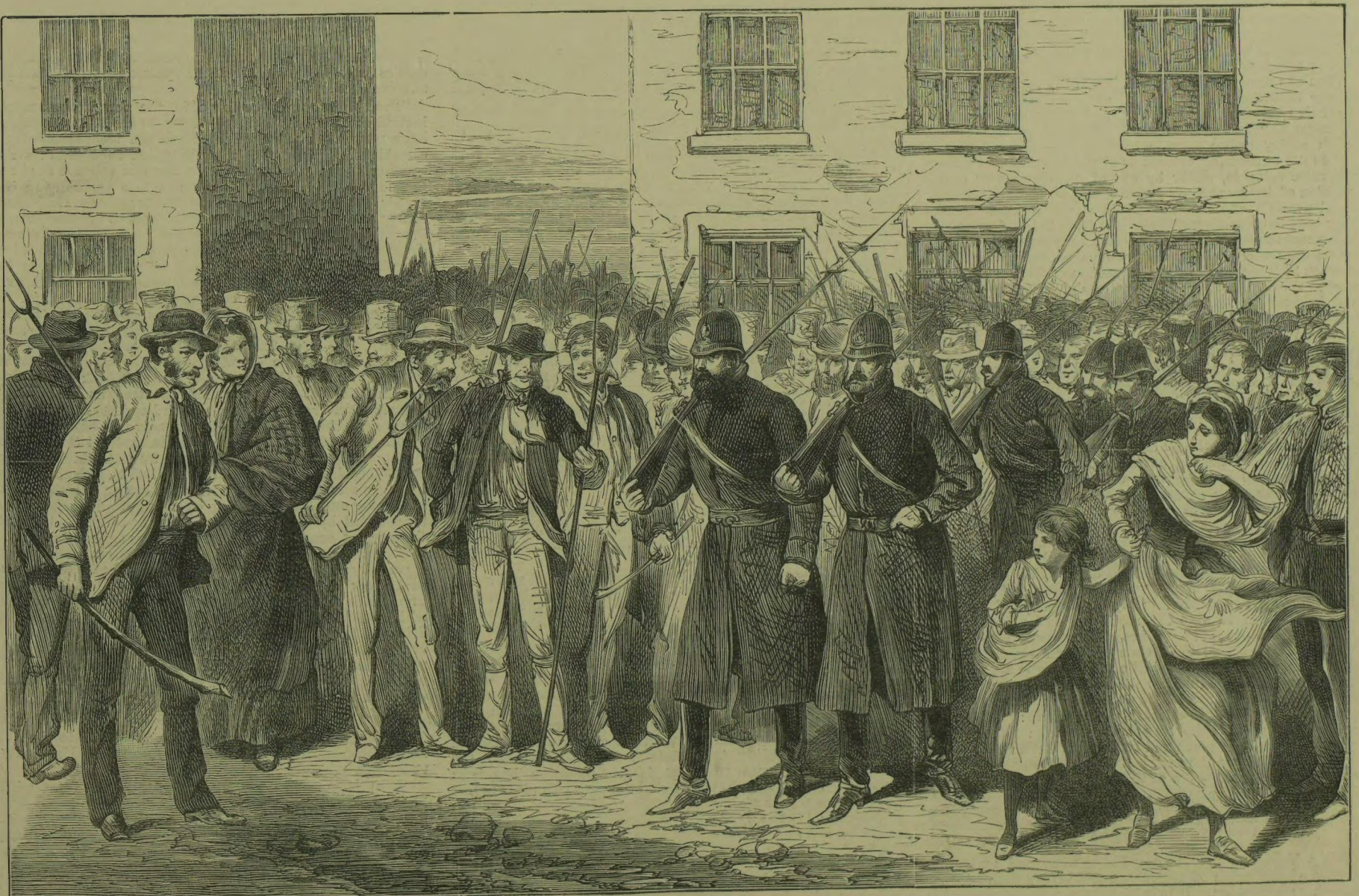
LORD RIPON AND MR. JOHN MORLEY IN IRELAND: GREAT HOME-RULE MEETING AT LEINSTER HALL, DUBLIN.



THE STATE OF IRELAND: SCENE AT DUNFANAGHY, DONEGAL, AT THE TRIAL OF FATHER M'FADDEN.



THE ARMIES OF THE CONTINENT: AUSTRIAN MILITARY STORES ARRIVING AT CRACOW.



THE STATE OF IRELAND: ARMED PEASANTS GUARDING THE HOUSE OF FATHER STEPHENS AT FALCARRAGH, DONEGAL.

VALENTINES.

I fear I shall expose myself to very general ridicule if I avow my regret that so many of the old customs are being swept away by what men are pleased to call the advancing tide of human progress. The Past had, I own, its follies and its ignorances, its weaknesses and its credulities—from all of which, of course, this highly enlightened Present is happily free—but it had also its gracious observances and lovely traditions, and I confess to a feeling of sorrow that these should be dropping off, like the petals of a shaken rose. The lives of most of us are, necessarily, so fenced in with the conventional and prosaic that we can hardly spare anything which has a touch of romance about it—which, into their dull and obscure texture, may chance to weave a thread or two of gold. 'Tis better to have loved and lost, says the poet, than never to have loved at all—if only because the influence of a great passion redeems our Nature from its meanness, and awakens the higher and purer sympathies of the soul. It is for this reason that the culture of music is to be recommended. Apostrophising that divine art, Jean Paul Richter exclaims—"Away! away! thou speakest to me of things which in all my life I have not found, and shall not find." This is just the emotion which lifts our existence out of the slough of commonplace prepared for it by an artificial state of society, and surrounds it with the serene airs of high heaven. It teaches us that something lies beyond the narrow bound of our everyday thoughts and aims—something of mystery, perhaps of awe. In like manner the old customs, with their sweet associations and unnumbered memories, tended to foster and preserve even in the dulllest mind a sentiment of reverence, of genial fellowship, or of tender recollection.

Now, I think a good deal may be said for the old and pretty custom which once made Valentine's Day so dear to manly youth and gentle maid; which called the fond blush to so many blooming cheeks, and filled with happy light so many eloquent eyes. What a stir of expectancy fluttered thousands of young hearts when that consecrated morning dawned! How restlessly, how impatiently they waited and watched for the moment which should bring them all they desired! On no other day in the year was the postman—surely never had Cupid stranger messenger!—so welcome a visitor. By some singular intuition his approach was known before he could be heard or seen; and fair forms waited on the stairs, or lurked behind half-opened doors, in haste to seize upon the precious missives. I grant you that, in times of old, *sub consule Planco*, the printed words were vapid when not ridiculous, and the devices or designs absurd, if not absolutely hideous; but then, you see, there was generally a line or two appended in Edgar's own masculine hand, or Laura's more timid scrawl, which to Laura or to Edgar, as the case might be, came with a revelation of infinite joy. Yes, they were poor enough—those Valentines of our youth—with nothing of that artistic taste and skill which now convert our Christmas or New-Year cards into things of beauty. But what of that? Our thoughts were all of the "sender"! We troubled ourselves nothing at all about the literary and artistic shortcomings of the "thing sent." That rubbishy landscape in impossible colours—a church on a hill, with a young man and woman slowly creeping towards it, being a favourite subject—those halting couplets or quatrains, with their bad grammar and worse metre—my dear Sir or Madam, you know that you would not have exchanged them for all that Raphael ever drew or Shakespeare ever wrote! That landscape—it came from the adorable Florence. Those verses—they came from the fascinating Charles; and landscape and verses alike assured you that you had met with "a sincere and beautiful mate"; that "one beautiful soul" was yours, and only yours through life and unto death; that you had found your "true Valentine" for ever. "For ever?" Yes: for in the first flush of young affection, we cannot believe in the possibility of change; we cannot imagine that our present idol may haply be dethroned and overwhelmed with contumely; we are proudly convinced that the Valentine of to-day is, and must, and will be, the Valentine of a long to-morrow.

When one comes to think of it, 'tis really an impertinence that our Valentine-makers should, even to this day, impose upon their patrons such stale, flat, and unprofitable stuff as their so-called "appropriate verses." With all the treasures of English poetry before them, why do they—why did they—resort to the unmeaning utterances of unknown scribes? How much more valuable, either by way of compliment or as an expression of tenderness—as graceful tokens of admiration or bashful avowals of affection—would our Valentines become if they bore some pertinent quotations from those of our poets who have said sweet and true things about the personal relations between the sexes, or about the graciousness and gracefulness of women! What an exquisite suggestion of flattery might be conveyed through those delightful lines of Thomas Carew, in which he puts far above lovely cheeks or lips or eyes, "the smooth and steadfast mind," gentle thoughts and calm desires! While the youth who would gently check any inclination to inconstancy on the part of his Phyllis, how could he do better than address her in the brave words of chivalrous Montrose, when he vows that if others are permitted to share in the empire of his lady's heart, he will "smile at her neglect" and "never love her more;" but that, if she faithful prove—he'll serve her "in such noble ways was never heard before?" Or if one seek a fine expression of truth and constancy, cannot one adopt the noble utterance of the old cavalier-poet, Richard Lovelace? "Though seas and land betwixt us both," he exclaims, "our faith and troth, like separated souls, all time and faith controls;" adding, almost rapturously, "Above the highest sphere we meet unseen, unknown, and greet as angels greet." Or one whom adverse circumstance has temporarily parted from the maid he loves—will he not turn to Shakespeare?—"How like a winter hath my absence been. What freezes have I felt, what dark days seen!" Or one may call Elizabeth Barrett Browning to his aid: "Say once again, and yet once over again"—and be sure the repetition will not weary!—"that thou dost love me!" What more elegant compliment can you wish to pay to Celia than that with which Mr. F. T. Palgrave provides you?—"I yield all to you, who are the only She, and in one girl all womanhood to me." Some maidens there are, perhaps, who would be none the worse for the manly remonstrance conveyed in Wither's spirited lyric: "If she love me, this believe, I will die ere she shall grieve: If she slight me when I woo, I can scorn and let her go." While others are so true and fond that they might fitly adopt the words which Sir Philip Sidney ascribes to faithful lips, and say—

My true love hath my heart, and I have his:
By just exchange one to the other given:
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss:
There never was a better bargain driven:
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

But a Valentine may be something more and something less than a declaration of constancy, or a lover's complaint, or reproach, or confession. It may be only a graceful expression of friendship; simply a souvenir, or a remembrance; or a fine compliment paid by a courteous gentleman to a fair, sweet woman, not unworthy of it. I do not know why such a compliment may not sometimes be paid by brother to sister; or, for that matter, by husband to wife; and, indeed, it seems

a misfortune that marriage should be held to dispense with the fond attentions and tender courtesies which invest courtship with so rare a charm. Why do men deny to their wives the delicate homage they so gladly rendered to their sweethearts?

Speaking seriously, one feels inclined to hold that the decadence of Valentine's Day and of the customs proper to it, suggests a change in the attitude of young men to young women—a decline in the chivalrous respect and politeness which used, I think, to mark their manner towards them. Young men seem, now-a-days, to stray into so many paths, and flutter round so many objects, that they have no leisure for *les petits soins* which it is becoming in them to offer and pleasant for young women to accept. It may be that the progress of the higher education among our girls and maidens may have frightened our present-day Corydons and Alexises into their frigid aloofness. What!—send a Valentine to a learned girl-graduate, who has passed the Cambridge senior local exam, "with honours," and is prepared to contend for senior wranglership and other high rewards of laborious days and sleepless nights? Impossible? Ah, believe me, the intellectual cultivation of woman will never crush her affections; the expansion of her heart will keep pace with the expansion of her mind. She will still blush at the whisper of love; she will still be true and faithful to the vows of her maidenhood; though in the future she will insist, I think, that a man shall give her of his best—his purity, his steadfastness, and his honour. She will disdain the emptiness of flattery; she will cease to be deceived by externals; she will demand in her lover an intellect not less cultivated than her own, sympathies not less generous, tastes not less refined, aims not less exalted. But she will retain her tender nature, her capability of self-sacrifice, her grace and gentleness and inexhaustible love; and she will still delight—if it be worthy of him who sends and of her who receives it—in A Valentine.

W. H. D. A.

THE NYASSA STEAM-CANOE.

The Nyassa steam-canoe is a little boat which has been built for the Universities' African Mission Society, by Messrs. Simpson and Strickland, of Dartmouth, to the order of Mr. S. H. Terry, consulting engineer. The Nyassa, intended for service on the lake of that name, is constructed entirely of delta metal, manufactured by the firm represented by Mr. Alexander Dick, 110, Cannon-street, London; and for convenience of transport has been built in three sections. She is 21 ft. long, with a beam of 7 ft. and a depth of 3 ft., and draws 16 in. of water with her engine and boiler on board. The fore and aft compartments are provided with air-tight bulkheads, and a triangular centreboard is carried in a casing in the forward part of the middle compartment. There is an opening in her deck amidships 9 ft. 6 in. in length by 4 ft. wide, fitted with a covering 6 in. high, with a delta metal and teak gunwale. There are no bulwarks, but the metal deck is covered with teak. She carries two masts, the mainmast having a copper lightning-conductor. Under steam she is driven by a three-bladed screw-propeller. She is fitted with a jury-rudder post, between which and the stern-post her screw-propeller is placed. When required for sailing only, the propeller and shaft can be removed with the rudder-post, and the rudder can be attached directly to the stern-post. The Nyassa was recently tried at Dartmouth with seven persons on board. With steam at 100 lb. pressure she made seven miles an hour, and with her sails and wind abeam six miles an hour, dragging her screw, the boat proving very handy. The boiler furnace is adapted for burning wood and similar fuel found in tropical countries.

LIFE-BOAT SERVICES.

At a meeting of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, held on Feb. 2 at its house, John-street, Adelphi, the thanks of the institution, inscribed on vellum, were awarded to Mr. G. R. Wood, for gallantly taking charge of the life-boat at Dunmore, Ireland, on Jan. 4, when she put off to the assistance of the ship Alfred D. Snow, of San Francisco; £5 was also voted to William Jones, the assistant-coxswain of the life-boat, in recognition of his services on the occasion in question. Rewards amounting to £436 were granted to the crews of life-boats of the institution for services rendered during January, in which period the boats had saved 101 lives and four vessels. Rewards were also granted to the crews of shore boats and others for saving life from wrecks on our coasts. Payments amounting to £3830 were ordered to be made on the 291 life-boat establishments of the institution. Among the contributions recently received were £700 from Mrs. Alexander Black for the Alexander Black new life-boat for Stonehaven; and £700 from an anonymous donor, through the Manchester Branch, to provide a new life-boat, to be named the Mary Isabella, and stationed at Seaton Carew. New life-boats have been sent to Ackergill, Brooke, Cemlyn, and Eyemouth.

Mr. James Knott, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, has presented to the Council of the Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen a valuable 58-ton sailing-yacht, suitable for their work amongst the smacksmen on the North Sea.

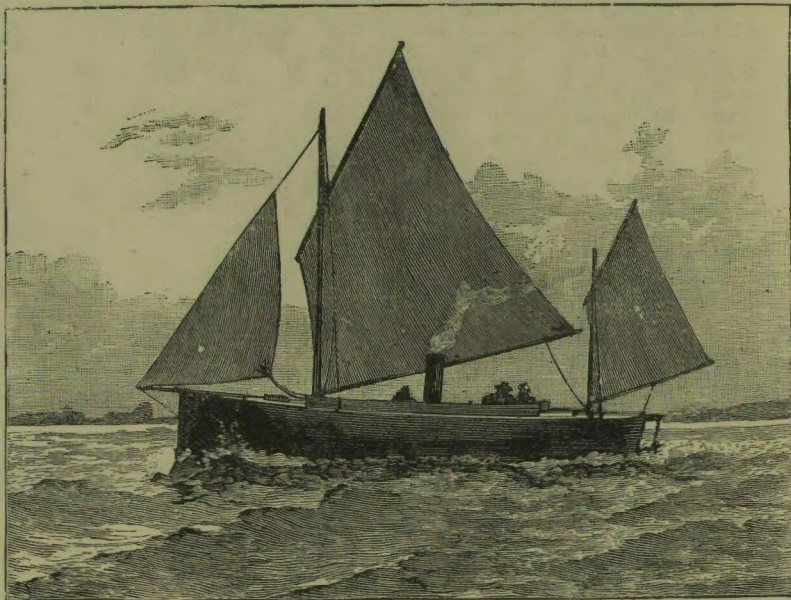
The Board of Trade have awarded a silver medal and a sum of two pounds each to Hadj Abad and Salah Sobban, for gallant services performed by them in connection with the rescue of the crew of the brigantine Louisa, of Llanelli, which was wrecked at Saffi, Morocco, on Dec. 26 last.

The first list of patrons of the Irish Exhibition to be held at Olympia, Kensington, and opened there next May, which has been issued, contains over two hundred names of noblemen, members of Parliament, prelates, and of men distinguished in literature, science, art, and commerce, which are representative of the various political creeds of the United Kingdom. According to a statement just issued by the executive, it appears that the Irish Exhibition has been undertaken with the following objects:—(1) To place before the English public a clear view of the predominant industries of Ireland; (2) to awaken public interest in the efforts being made to revive her trade; (3) to exhibit to the many thousands of persons in England who have never crossed the Irish Channel somewhat of her deeply interesting historical and antiquarian treasures; (4) to illustrate the worth and significance of Irish art; and, finally, to help to moderate prejudices which are frequently tending to fetter the judgment, at the very root of misunderstandings between people and people. It is further stated that the movement is "entirely outside the area of politics, freed from all sectarian or class interest, and initiated and undertaken with a worthy purpose."

ARMIES OF THE CONTINENT: AUSTRIA.

The publication of the treaty of 1879, by which Germany and Austria bound themselves mutually to assist each other against a Russian attack, with the more recent accession of Italy to the defensive alliance, is a fact of great political significance. It is stated that Austria-Hungary has added nine divisions to the twenty-three infantry divisions which formerly constituted her effective; and, in the event of mobilisation, fourteen Landwehr or Honved Divisions would be added. The troops in Galicia have been reinforced during the past year by eighteen squadrons of cavalry and thirteen batteries of artillery. Six Austrian railways are now available for throwing into Galicia large bodies of troops, which, by nine junction stations, can be placed on the Russian frontier at Lemberg, Przemyśl, Jaroslav, Dembitza, Riascheff, and other points. A number of huts for troops have been erected, and large dépôts for provisions are being established at those places. The fortresses of Przemyśl and Cracow have been converted into camp fortresses. In case of war with Russia, Cracow would be of great importance as the strongest Austrian fortress on the northern frontier, and the chief dépôt of stores for the army in Galicia. During the past two years the Austrian Government has been collecting large supplies of ammunition and provisions at Cracow; and one of our Illustrations shows a train of waggons, with its guard of soldiers, passing through the city, to be unloaded at one of the store-places outside.

The infantry of the Austro-Hungarian Army comprises 102 regiments of the Line, one regiment of Tyrolese sharpshooters, and forty battalions of rifles. The line infantry regiment consists of four battalions, each of four companies, together with four dépôt companies. Inclusive of its staff, the effective of one of these regiments is 4915 men and officers, 129 horses, and thirty-four carriages. The regiment of Tyrolese sharpshooters consists of ten field battalions, each of four companies, ten dépôt companies, a regimental staff and twelve battalion staffs, the total effective being 12,327 men and officers, with 350 horses, and 160 carriages. The rifle battalion of the line has an effective of 1229 men and officers, with thirty-four horses and sixteen carriages. The infantry soldier



THE NYASSA STEAM-CANOE, OF THE UNIVERSITIES' AFRICAN MISSION SOCIETY.

is armed with a rifle, sword-bayonet, and small spade, and carries his overcoat in a roll that passes outside his knapsack and over his left shoulder.

The Mänlicher repeating rifle, the new weapon supplied, instead of the Werndl breech-loader, to the Austrian infantry, has a magazine or reservoir, beneath the lock, containing five cartridges, which can be fired in quick succession; a single opening movement at once throwing out the case of the used cartridge, and placing the fresh one in a position to be fired. It has a range of 2300 Austrian military paces, equivalent to nearly 2000 English yards. The bayonet is shorter than that formerly in use, but is more like a great knife. Two army corps, numbering together 90,000 men, are now supplied with the Mänlicher, while the whole of the infantry is being instructed and practised in its use, some of these rifles having been delivered to every company in every regiment. Our Sketches represent the course of this practice. In Sketch 1, the rifles are being tested by the regimental gunmaker and his foreman, who have fixed each rifle in a vice tightly screwed up, and loaded with cartridges of extra power. The rifles which do not bear this proof-test are sent back to the factory. Sketch 2 is that of the soldiers shooting at a target. The Drawing No. 3 represents the outward appearance of the Mänlicher repeating rifle, in which the magazine-box of cartridges is seen projecting beneath the lock. In Sketch 4 the soldiers are aiming at figures of men drawn on targets, which are placed at varying distances, the men being left to judge the distance for themselves. In Sketch 5, a company which has been advancing and steadily firing on a supposed enemy in front, represented by targets with figures, is suddenly brought, at the word of command, to turn its fire on squadrons of cavalry which are coming to charge its left flank, this being unexpectedly indicated by a signal made on that side, whereupon the officer calls out, "Cavalry from the left—magazine!" The hostile squadrons are represented by a long white screen, which is made to rise instantaneously from the ground. After firing at it, the infantry soldiers are allowed to run up and examine the effects of their rifle-shots, by which they find it perforated like a sieve, with a hundred bullet-holes; and the men go back, probably saying to one another, "Poor cavalry! we've quite done for them!"

Dr. Hutchinson Stirling has been appointed to the Gifford Lectureship on Natural Theology at Edinburgh University for two years.

Lord Mostyn has presented the town of Flint with an historical painting of his famous ancestor, Sir Roger Mostyn, the friend of Charles I., and who, at his own cost, garrisoned and defended Flint Castle against the Parliamentary party in 1643. He also wrested Hawarden Castle from them.

The Carpenters' Company and the Joiners' Company propose jointly to hold an exhibition of models, drawings, and specimens of works in wood, within the respective trades designated by their titles, at Carpenters' Hall in May and June next. An exhibition of cooperage-work of every description will be held, under the auspices of the Coopers' Company, at the People's Palace in May, and prizes are offered for the best exhibits in each kind of work.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Such theatrical excitement as there is will be found in prospect, not retrospect. Far too late for any notice in the present number of *The Illustrated London News*, Mrs. Bernard Beere intends to produce the dramatic version of Mrs. Campbell Praed's novel, "A Bond of Wedlock," to be called on the stage "Ariane." The cast is a very strong one, with Henry Neville and Leonard Boyne both added to the company; and, as the play is questionably received by the company, it will probably be extremely popular with the public. Mrs. Bernard Beere is to be a good and harassed woman; Mr. Henry Neville, a bad husband; Mr. Leonard Boyne, a good young man; and M. Marius, a shameful old reprobate, whose audacious sentiments are supposed to make the hair even of a fashionable audience stand on end. In addition to these, there is a very good part for a black poodle, who is said to be a very intelligent animal.

But the theatrical manager or manageress of to-day has extremely little compassion on the wretched band of ill-starred creatures called dramatic critics, who are hustled about, now-a-days, from matinée to evening performance—from Chelsea Barracks, with amateurs, to even worse amateurish efforts on the stage at the bidding of some confident playwright or ambitious actress. Mrs. Bernard Beere, not content with asking the critics to go to the Opera Comique on Wednesday night, to see a new play, compels them to go again on Thursday night to the same theatre to see a new farce. This means another cab-fare, another sixpence for another programme, another valuable evening wasted, another journey to the newspaper office, and, in all probability, more useless expenditure of time that is not too heavy on the hands. Now that proprietors of dramatic academies and private stage-schools announce in their prospectuses that the services of newspaper critics will be utilised to report on the feeble efforts of these salad artists, the joke is surely being carried a little too far. How can the public be concerned in these jejune displays of incompetence?

Now that—owing to the bewildering influence of the Saturday half-holiday and its consequent rowdyism—Saturday night has been given up by managers as an occasion fitting for the production of new plays, all the novelties of importance are forced into Wednesdays and Thursdays. Monday is almost impossible on account of the Sunday before and the absence of rehearsals; Friday is said to be unlucky; Saturday is voted to be too hilarious: so it often happens that on one given day—afternoon and evening—a critic has to split himself into several pieces. Witness Thursday in the present week, when critics were invited to attend a representation by Miss Helen Barry in the afternoon, and at night to the Haymarket to see an old play revived; to the Opera Comique to see a new first piece; to the Prince of Wales's to attend the 500th performance of "Dorothy," and to the Globe to be present at the fiftieth performance of "The Golden Ladder"—not a bad day's work to look in at all these places!

Mr. Alec Yorke, one of the Queen's household, and Mr. Charles Bethune have started a charitable institution "down East," called "The Shelter," where they hide the poor from the inclement weather and feed them with bread and water. Mr. Beerbohm Tree has determined to do something for this excellent institution, and proposes a benefit at the Haymarket Theatre early in March. There are great hopes that Mrs. Bancroft will come back to act in a play of her own, and there are pleasant rumours to the effect that Mr. Beerbohm Tree will play as Iago a scene from "Othello" with Mr. William Terriss, and that, amongst the other attractions will be Mr. Arthur Cecil—now on the retired list—and the ever-green Mrs. John Wood. A capital programme like this ought to draw all London, and give "The Shelter" a little capital of £400. Let us hope that it will.

The Townhall, Chelsea, is not exactly what might be called a "playhouse," but it makes an excellent theatre or ball-room or concert-room all the same. Thither went fashion on Monday night to see what they called "Quadri Vivanti" (tableaux vivants), arranged by Mr. Walter Severn, president of the Dudley Gallery, and Sir Jocelyn Coghill, in aid of charities connected with Mr. Byng's church of St. Peter, in Cranley-gardens. Strange to say, the organisers of the entertainment kept the best pictures until the last. It was not until midnight that the tired sightseers were able to gaze upon three pictures arranged by Mr. Severn to illustrate Kingsley's ballad, "The Three Fishers," or to enjoy the dramatic arrangement of the groups in the "Spanish Card-Players," after John Phillip, R.A. In the course of the evening there were three really delightful realisations of the several pictures by Sir John Millais, Bart., called "The Princes in the Tower," "Bubbles," and "Cherry Ripe." The original model for "Bubbles," the pretty little curly-headed grandson of Sir John Millais—Master James—was secured, and he made the prettiest picture of the evening. A charming Joan of Arc was found in Miss Franklin, of whom it might be said "O mater pulcher filia pulchrior" after Quintus Horatius Flaccus; and, altogether, it was a very enjoyable evening, interspersed with readings, and a prologue by Mr. Walter Sechel, and deeply-declaimed songs by Signor Monari Rocca.

Everyone will be glad to hear that Mr. J. L. Toole is better and will return to his theatre on Saturday to play Caleb Plummer in "Dot." Mr. Thorne has taken a sudden holiday and gone off to Monte Carlo.

The *Theatre* for February, besides its customary compendious monthly review of the drama, music, and the fine arts, is embellished with photographic portraits of Miss Maude Millett and Miss Annie Hughes (as Two Roses) in "Richard III.," and Mr. Harry Nicholls and Mr. Herbert Campbell (as Queen and King) in "Puss in Boots."

A special meeting of the Jockey Club was held on Feb. 7 to consider the charges brought by Lord Durham against Sir George Chetwynd. It was unanimously agreed, in accordance with the proposal of the stewards, that Sir George Chetwynd be requested to vindicate himself by an action at law, which, after the initial stage, might, by consent of the Court and of the parties interested, be referred to arbitration.

It is amusing to see the ingenious devices adopted by advertisers to obtain notoriety for their respective wares. For example, the proprietor of Beecham's Pills, not contented with bringing, in common with his brother leviathans in the advertising way, art and poetry to his aid, issues a "Music Portfolio" gratis—each number, neatly printed, containing a popular song, with a space at the back setting forth the merits of his pills.

The Lord Mayor presided, on Feb. 6, over a large gathering at the City of London College, to witness the distribution of prizes and certificates gained by the students during the past session. His Lordship was supported by the Lord Chancellor and several other distinguished personages. The Rev. Prebendary Whittington, M.A. (Principal), gave a summary of the report of the council on the work of the year, showing satisfactory results at the various examinations. In presenting the prizes the Lord Chancellor urged the importance of our endeavouring to improve upon the rough methods of education, technical and otherwise, pursued in bygone times.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Feb. 7.

The French politicians are still occupied with the national finances, and, the general discussion having been closed, there remains another fortnight's work in discussing and voting the individual chapters of the Budget. However, the interest of the French has been centred on the German Reichstag rather than on their own Parliament. What would Bismarck say? Would his speech presage peace or war? "We rest on the might of our army," said the Chancellor. "If we do not need it, so much the better. But we must act as if we were bound to need it." And he goes on to demonstrate to the docile Parliament the invincibility of Germany, thanks to her incomparable corps of officers. France is pacific, he admits, and the word of the Czar suffices so far as concerns Russia. Still, if war should be declared, Bismarck threatens the assailant with all the fury of united Germany—*furor Teutonius*. What do the French think of this proud declaration of the military supremacy of Germany; of this formidable conception of an Empire defying the logic of history, regulating the peace of Europe, disdaining coalitions, and making every sacrifice in order to be able at any moment to concentrate a million armed men on any frontier?

The Chancellor's speech is pacific, say the commentators. Nevertheless, the spectre of war remains ever present; it is the constant thought of the French; the Damocles sword that keeps them strung up to a pitch of nervous expectation, that is incompatible with serenity of mind and happy energy. It is true that on the Champ de Mars the sound of the cavalry bugle has been replaced by the noise of the hammer. The Exhibition buildings are going on apace; doubtless everything will be ready next year; but who will exhibit? According to information communicated most zealously by the Ministry of Commerce, there is a certain movement in favour of the Exhibition in foreign countries. But how about France herself? We hear nothing about the preparations of the great French manufacturers to figure worthily in 1889; on the contrary, we hear constantly that nobody is making any great efforts, and the belief still prevails that the Universal Exhibition will not take place next year. Now we have the announcement of a projected lottery conceived by M. Berger with a view to induce small manufacturers and workmen to exhibit. "The previous announcement of this lottery," says a *communiqué* from the Ministry, "would have the advantage of putting an end to the hesitation of a certain number of exhibitors who are frightened by the expense, and who would see in the probable acquisition of their exhibits the prospect of recuperating part of their outlay." The offer of such inducements as this is not very assuring. It might, perhaps, be desirable for the French Government to make some clear and authoritative statement concerning the Exhibition.

Here is good news for the studious whose happiness consists in reading many books. On and after Wednesday, Feb. 15, the Bibliothèque Nationale will be open from nine a.m. to six p.m. A breath of reform is blowing: war has been declared against sinecures, and a Commission has even been appointed to study the question of lighting the National Library by electricity.

Baron De Hirsch, the famous financier, who has become a Parisian by dint of long residence, has been appointed by the King of Hungary member of the Chamber of Magnates. This is the first time such an honour has been conferred on an Israelite. The cause of this elevation is the gift of six millions sterling recently made by the Baron to distressed Israelites in Russia, Turkey, Hungary, and Galicia, whose lot he desires to ameliorate both morally and materially. With this view will be founded commercial and agricultural schools, on leaving which the pupils will receive a small sum to enable them to settle in some locality of their choice. Thanks to the Hirsch foundations, it is hoped that the Jews in Russia, Turkey, and Hungary will soon cease to be vagabonds and mendicants, and that they will be able to exercise their incontestable intelligence in an honest and industrious manner.

The Municipal Council persists in its efforts to erect a commemorative monument of the French Revolution in time for the centenary. The Government is not opposed to the project. But is its realisation possible within a year? The idea is to erect an architectural and sculptural monument, and to found a museum of the Revolution in which would be incorporated several of the collections now in the Louvre, the whole at a cost of ten millions of francs.

T. C.

A debate upon the national finances arose in the Italian Chamber on Feb. 4, and resulted in the passing of a vote of confidence in the Government which was almost unanimous.

The German and Austrian semi-official papers have published the Treaty of Alliance entered into in 1879 between Germany and Austria, and this publication is regarded as a warning to Russia, and as directed against those who have been endeavouring to drive a wedge in between Austria and Germany.

Prince Bismarck on Feb. 6 addressed the Reichstag on the position of European affairs. The prospects in the direction of France, he said, had become more peaceful, and he apprehended no attack from Russia. He believed the Russian Cabinet intended to make Russia's voice heard at the next European crisis, and therefore wished to push her military forces as far westward as possible. He denied that the publication of the Treaty of Alliance was a threat or an ultimatum, and said that that Treaty, as well as that with Italy, was designed for the maintenance of peace. Austria was the natural ally of Germany in the dangers which threatened it from Russia and France. He hoped they would remain at peace with their neighbours, especially with Russia, who had no pretext for war. But Germany must rely on the strength of her army. Threats would not frighten her, and he who attacked the German nation would find them armed to a man, and every man having in his heart the firm belief, "God with us." Much enthusiasm was aroused in the Reichstag by Prince Bismarck's speech, and as a mark of confidence it was resolved to vote the Landwehr Bill *en bloc*, and to refer the Loan Bill to the Budget Committee without debate.

The Austrian Minister of War on Feb. 6 announced that a Supplementary Vote of Credit for the Landwehr would be required, and that the number of Landwehr recruits to be trained would have to be temporarily raised; but he added that the military preparations that were being made must be distinguished from adopting measures that might lead to war.

A canal which has cost 1,500,000 dols. has been opened to irrigate a portion of Merced County, California.—The death is announced, at New York, of Mrs. Oliver Wendell Holmes, wife of the well-known American writer.

The Rev. Dr. Courtney, Rector of St. Paul's, Boston, United States, has been unanimously elected Bishop of Nova Scotia, and he has accepted the appointment.—Sir Hugh Hoyle, ex-Chief Justice of Newfoundland, died recently at Halifax, aged seventy-three.

At Sydney the death of Lady Parkes, wife of Sir Henry Parkes, the Prime Minister of New South Wales, has been announced.

MUSIC.

Mr. Henschel's London Symphony Concerts at St. James's Hall have more than half completed the promised series of sixteen performances, the twelfth concert having taken place on Tuesday evening, Feb. 7. On this occasion the programme offered no novelty, having consisted chiefly of more or less well-known pieces by Wagner, in anticipated commemoration of the anniversary of the composer's death on Feb. 13, 1883. The selection given at the concert now referred to comprised the prelude and finale ("Vorspiel" and Isolde's "Liebestod") from "Tristan und Isolde," the "Siegfried" Idyll, the prelude to "Parsifal," and the "Kaisermarsch," the concert having opened with Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony. At the next concert, on Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 15, Brahms's new concerto for violin and violoncello will be performed, for the first time in England, with the solo instruments sustained by Herr Joachim and Mr. Hausmann.

The Royal Albert Hall Choral Society gave a remarkably fine performance of "Elijah," on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 4, when an enormous audience was assembled, proving that Mendelssohn's sacred masterpiece loses none of its attractive power with the lapse of time. The principal soprano and contralto solos were artistically sung respectively by Madame Nordica and Madame Belle Cole; Mr. E. Lloyd having rendered the tenor music, and Mr. Henschel that of the prophet, as on many previous occasions. Effective co-operation was given by Misses J. Neilson and H. Jones and Messrs. M. Humphreys and D. Hughes. The chorus-singing was of first-rate excellence. Mr. Barnby conducted skilfully, as usual.

Madame Norman-Néruda was again the leading violinist at the Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 4, and the following Monday evening. On the earlier occasion, Miss F. Davies reappeared as solo pianist. Miss Davies and Signor Piatti were associated in a fine performance of Mendelssohn's second sonata for pianoforte and violoncello, and the lady gave solo pieces by Scarlatti with refined execution. Vocal solos were expressively sung by Miss L. Lehmann, and the concert closed with Schubert's octet for string and wind instruments (cast as recently). The evening concert of Feb. 6 included a repetition of Beethoven's septet, which, like Schubert's octet, retains its interest however often heard. The executants were the same as before. The solo pianist at this concert was Madame Frickenhaus, who gave an artistic rendering of Schumann's sonata in G minor. Haydn's string quartet in E flat (No. 3 of Op. 71) was substituted for that by Brahms in C minor, Op. 51—in consequence of a slight injury to a finger sustained by Madame Norman-Néruda—and vocal pieces were effectively rendered by Mlle. Gambogi. At the next evening concert—on Feb. 13—Herr Joachim will make his first appearance this season.

A specialty in recent music (notice of which was unavoidably deferred until now) was Miss Fanny Davies's pianoforte recital at Prince's Hall. The excellent young pianist (worthy pupil of Madame Schumann) at once made a marked impression on the London musical public on her first appearance in London, and has continued to hold her position as a player of the first order, both in the brilliant and the classical schools. Her proficiency in each respect was amply proved at the recital now referred to, when her rendering of Beethoven's "Waldstein" sonata, and especially of Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques," was as admirable, as to mechanism and serious expression, as was her appreciative interpretation of smaller pieces by Brahms, Mendelssohn, and Rubinstein. The instrumental selection was varied by the expressive singing of Fräulein Hedwig Sicca in German lieder.

Madame De Pachmann—wife of the celebrated Russian pianist, and formerly Miss Maggie Oakley—gave a pianoforte recital at Prince's Hall on Monday afternoon, Feb. 6, when her varied merits as a brilliant and intellectual executant were manifested in a copious selection.

The Kensington Popular Concerts, at the Townhall, were announced for commencement on Tuesday evening, Feb. 7, with a programme of strong and varied interest, including vocal and instrumental pieces of various styles and schools, among which were Beethoven's sonata in C minor for pianoforte and violin, and Schumann's pianoforte quintet. Such music, rendered by competent artists, at low prices of admission, must be a boon to the populous West-End suburb.

The second of the new series of Mr. and Mrs. Henschel's vocal recitals at Prince's Hall took place during the current week, with a programme comprising an interesting selection of solos for each artist and duets for the two, in which various schools and styles were represented.

The scheme of M. Gustav Pradeau's fourth and last Schumann recital at Prince's Hall, on Feb. 7, included his performance of the solo sonata in F minor, the "Kreisleriana," and other smaller pianoforte pieces.

This (Saturday) afternoon, Feb. 11, the thirty-second season of the Crystal Palace Concerts will be resumed with the twelfth performance of the series.

The Philharmonic Society's prospectus of the seventy-sixth season (recently issued) promises to sustain the long-established reputation of this important institution. Seven concerts are to be given—on Thursday evenings, March 15 and 22, April 19, May 3, 17, and 31; and on Saturday afternoon, June 16. During the series, Herr Edvard Grieg and MM. Widor and Tschaiakowsky will conduct new works composed by them expressly for the society. New orchestral compositions will also be produced by Mr. E. Silas and Mr. G. J. Bennett. Works not hitherto performed by the society will be introduced, a specialty being a new symphony by Dvorák. Mr. F. H. Cowen will be the conductor, and Mr. J. T. Carrodus, the leading violinist.

Mr. Charles Wade's new series of chamber concerts, announced to begin on Feb. 7 at the Grosvenor Gallery, are unavoidably transferred to Prince's Hall, the date above named being changed to Feb. 28, the opening concert being now fixed for Feb. 21.

The arrangements are now completed for Mr. Augustus Harris's occupancy of Covent-Garden Theatre for a season of Italian opera performances, beginning in May next. The scheme holds out prospects of exceptional efficiency such as was realised in Mr. Harris's opera season at Drury-Lane Theatre last summer. Among the engagements made up to this period the names are mentioned of Mesdames Albani and Nordica, MM. Jean and Edouard De Reszke, Signori Ravelli, Del Puente, Pandolfini, Navarini, Ciampi, and Novarra. Other eminent artists and some new-comers will probably be associated with the scheme. As at last year's Drury-Lane season, Signori Mancinelli will be the conductor, occasionally relieved by Mr. Randegger.

At a fully-attended meeting of the directors of the Royal Academy of Music Mr. Thomas Threlfall was unanimously elected chairman of the committee of management. The election of principal of the Royal Academy of Music, in the place of the late Sir G. A. Macfarren, will soon take place. Several eminent names have been mentioned as offering for the appointment, among the most prominent being those of Mr. Barnby and Dr. Mackenzie.



1. Regimental Gunmakers testing the rifles.
2. Firing at the targets, at fixed ranges.
3. The Mänlicher Repeating (Magazine) Rifle.

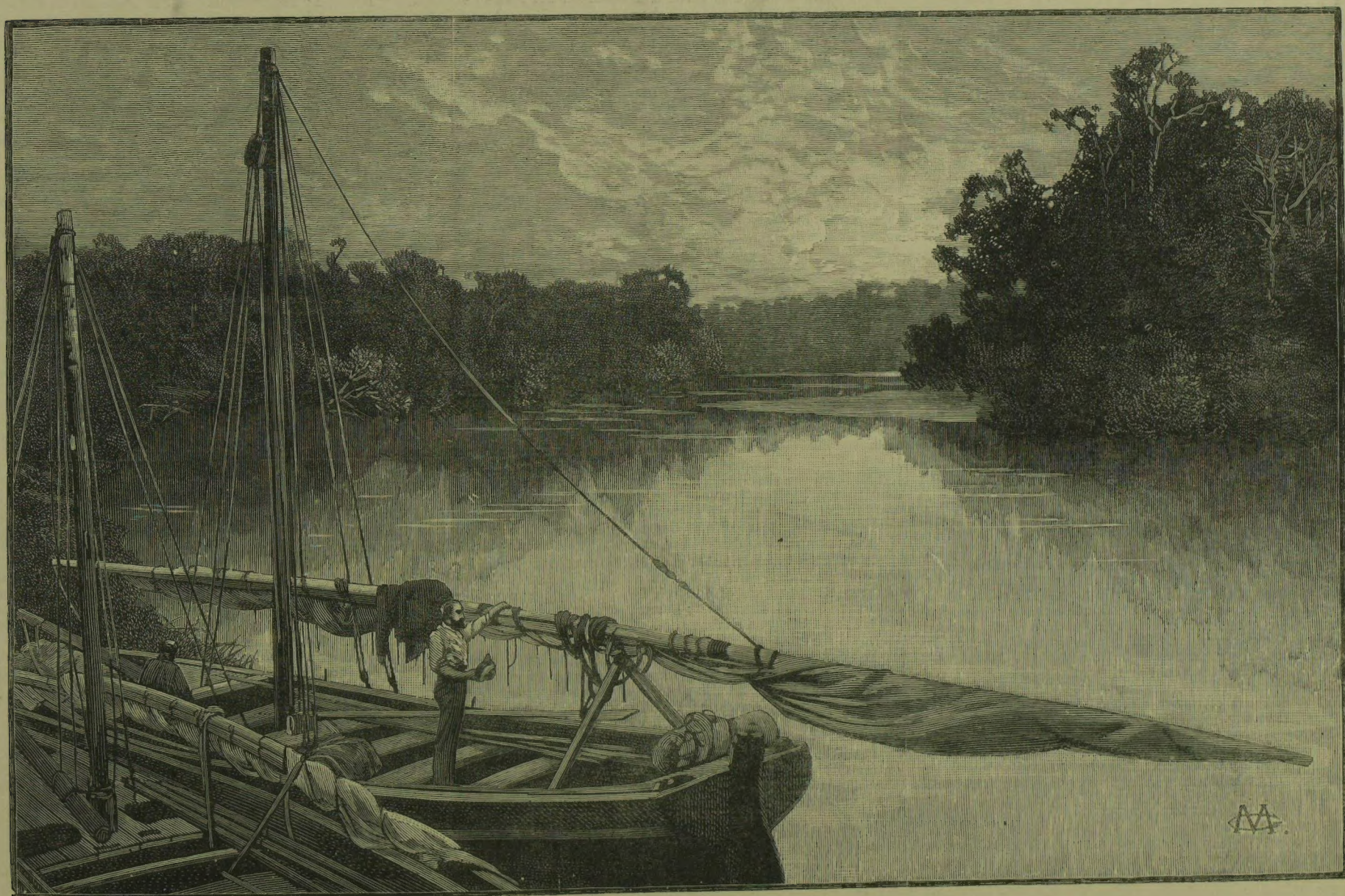
4. Judging-distance practice at figures of men drawn on targets.
5. "Cavalry on our left flank—Magazine—Fire!"

6. Examining bullet-marks in the white screen, suddenly raised to represent an approaching charge of cavalry.

ARMIES OF THE CONTINENT: AUSTRIAN INFANTRY PRACTICE WITH THE NEW MÄNNLICHER REPEATING RIFLE.



FERRY ACROSS THE MAPUTA RIVER, ON THE ROAD FROM DELAGOA BAY TO THE QUEEN'S KRAAL.



ON THE MAPUTA RIVER, FIFTY MILES FROM THE MOUTH: PORTUGUESE LIGHTERS LANDING ALCOHOL.

SKETCHES IN AMATONGALAND, SOUTH-EAST AFRICA.

"KITTEENS."

Ten years ago Mr. C. Burton Barber's name was scarcely known outside the circle of his fellow-students; to-day he stands in the front rank of our animal painters. Like many other artists who devote themselves to a special line, Mr. Burton Barber has his "fads"—and for the moment with him the fox-terrier holds undisputed sway. It was with the fox-terrier at the puppy stage that he made his first hit a few years ago with "Once Bit, Twice Shy," or "The Baby and the Mustard-pot." Since then Mr. Barber's pets have advanced in age—his baby has grown into a pretty girl, a true type of English sweetness and freshness; and, as would seem from our picture, "Kittens" had for the moment retired with her book to the conservatory, and had determined to be very studious. The dog has, doubtless, been put out into the garden in order not to distract his little mistress's attention from the wonderful pictures which she is going to study, cosily packed up in the rugs of the garden-chair. But she had quite forgotten to keep all her playmates outside, and her retirement into her quiet nook has been calmly watched by the kitten, which, after a few ineffectual attempts to attract her attention, has scaled the rear of the fortress, and is now trying to tempt "Missy" to a general romp and scrimmage. It is not only in throwing almost human expression into his cats and dogs that Mr. Burton Barber often rivals Mr. Briton Riviere, but he has the still greater talent of seeming to convey a complete understanding between his children and the animals with which they are associated. In the present instance the love of fun and mischief in the kitten's expression is happily reflected in the child's archness and the ready pleasure with which she takes up the challenge. In his recent works Mr. Barber has paid a somewhat exaggerated tribute to his children's dressmaker—and although we all desire to have them "neat and nice," we do not care to have our attention drawn from the "human face divine" as it appears in childhood to the artifices of the fashionable shop; and we earnestly hope that Mr. Burton Barber will not degrade his pretty children into merely elegant dolls.

The picture which we engrave on this occasion is one of those offered by the Art Union of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, which was primarily started with the idea of popularising (in its best sense) water-colour art in this country. The council of the Institute found their appeal to the water-colour painters met with a ready response. At the exhibition held a month or two ago upwards of 450 works were displayed; and many more had been promised—all of which will be available as Art-Union prizes, and will be distributed under that lottery system which alone finds favour and approbation from the law and the executive. Amongst the pictures which will be dispersed on this occasion are works by Sir John Linton, Mr. Alma Tadema, R.A., Professor Herkomer, A.R.A., Mr. Goodall, R.A., Mr. Seymour Lucas, A.R.A., Mr. Phil Morris, A.R.A., Mr. Stacey Marks, R.A., Mr. Robert Macbeth, A.R.A., Mr. Fahey, Mr. Fulleylove, Mr. Edwin Hayes, Mr. Yates Carrington—and a host of others too numerous to mention. Besides a chance of an original work by a artist of more or less distinction, each subscriber will receive a photogravure of Sir J. Linton's picture "The Declaration of War"—of which a specimen may be seen at the Institute or at Messrs. Cassell's offices—to whose hands the management of the Art Union has been confided, and under whose auspices the ballot for prizes will take place next June.

AMATONGALAND.

Attention has recently been turned to the Portuguese sea-port of Delagoa Bay, on the east coast of South Africa, from which a railway is being constructed to the interior, with a view to open a new commercial route for the trade of the Transvaal Republic and the adjacent region, independently of Natal and the other British colonial provinces. The country south of Delagoa Bay, on the coast, between the Portuguese frontier and Zululand, having the Swazis to the west of it, is the abode of the Amatongas, a native race with a reigning Queen, who has sent a deputation to solicit British protection. The members of this deputation are Colonel Jesser Coope, Mr. Robert Grantham, and Majove, an Amatonga native.

The Portrait of Colonel Coope is from a photograph by Abdullah Frères, of Constantinople, taken in the uniform of the Imperial Ottoman Gendarmerie, in which Colonel Jesser Coope served under Baker Pasha. He was taken prisoner in one of the outposts of Plevna, and was severely handled by the Russians, which led to diplomatic correspondence between the respective Foreign Offices. The Sultan gave Colonel Jesser Coope the third class of the Order of the Osmanieh for his services in the field; and afterwards the third class of the Medjidieh, for his political service in advocating the Turkish cause in England. The medals worn by him are the Crimean, the Turkish, and the Plevna Medal. Mr. R. Grantham's portrait is by the London Stereoscopic Company. He is the representative of the Amatonga Queen, having been her adviser for the last five years in dealings with white men. Majove, the Amatonga native, attired in "war paint" and European costume, is the representative of the Amatonga Prime Minister, and, to use his own expression, was sent to England to be the "eyes and ears" of that Minister.

The Views of Amatongaland are from photographs by Mr. Payer, photographer, of Steynsdorp, Komati. He accompanied Colonel Coope in his expedition to Amatongaland; but as the art is looked upon as witchcraft in Amatongaland, Mr. Payer, after taking five photographs, unobserved by the natives, had to hide away his camera. The first view is that of the ferry across the Maputa River, on the road from Delagoa Bay to the Queen's kraal. In the foreground is a "dug-out" canoe, with three natives seated in it; also the native ferry-boat, which is built of rough planks hewn out of the solid tree by native axes, and tied together by palm fibre. The water pours in so rapidly between the planks that, while one man rows the passengers over, another is employed with a large wooden scoop, baling out the water. An immersion would be doubly perilous, as the river is swarming with alligators. The second view is that of a point on the river, fifty miles from the mouth. Here are two Portuguese lighters, which have just landed their cargo of "pure alcohol," for the destruction of the harmless people. Another spot is the favourite haunt of the hippopotamus, with which the river abounds; and at night, when the traveller is being propelled by the brawny arms of native boatmen, their song is often interrupted by those huge animals blowing and grinding their teeth close to the boat.

The Antarctic Committee of the Royal Society of Victoria and the Royal Geographical Society jointly recommend British merchants and ship-owners to combine for the dispatch of two steam whalers to the Southern Seas this season.

The Coloured Supplement which we recently published under the title of "The Three Disgraces," representing three puppy hounds playing with a smart hunting-coat, was copied from the clever picture by Mr. Edwin Douglas, painted in 1879, which was in the Royal Academy Exhibition of that year.

SIR HENRY MAINE.

Sir Henry James Sumner Maine, K.C.S.I., LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S., Master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, who died on Feb. 3, was born in 1822, the son of the late James Maine, M.D., by Eliza, his wife, daughter of Mr. Andrew Fell, of Caversham Grove, Oxfordshire; was educated at Pembroke College, and Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he was Senior Classical Medalist and Craven Scholar, and where he graduated in 1844. In 1850 he was called to the Bar, was Law Member of the Council of the Governor-General of India from 1862 to 1869, and became, in 1871, Member of Council of the Secretary of State for India. In that year he received the decoration of K.C.S.I. He was Professor of Jurisprudence in the University of Oxford in 1870, and was elected Master of Trinity Hall, in the University of Cambridge, in 1877. He married, in 1849, his cousin Jane, daughter of Mr. George Maine, of Kelso. Sir Henry was Foreign Associate Member of the Institute of France.

THE LATE DR. J. T. IRVINE BOSWELL.

The death, on Jan. 31, of Dr. John Thomas Irvine Boswell, an eminent botanist, who was for many years curator of the collections of the Botanical Society in London, took place at his ancient family residence, Balmuto, in Fifeshire, after a long illness. Dr. Boswell was the writer of the voluminous text for the third edition of Sowerby's plates of British Botany, a work of great labour and scientific research; and of papers in the "Treasury of Botany." He was for some years lecturer on botany at the Westminster and Charing-cross Hospitals, and was regarded as a great authority on British plants. The Boswells are an old Fife family, and the tower of Balmuto is of great antiquity, and has been held by the Boswells since the fourteenth century.

THE LATE J. W. INCHBOLD.

Mr. John William Inchbold, whose praise as a landscape painter was pronounced many years ago by Mr. Ruskin, was born, at Leeds, on April 29, 1830. His father was the proprietor of the *Leeds Intelligencer*. Mr. Inchbold showed a love of art almost from his boyhood, and became a student in the Royal Academy in 1847. Two years later he exhibited in Suffolk-street, and in 1851 he had two water colours on the walls of the Academy. In 1855 Mr. Ruskin called his "Moorland" the only thoroughly good landscape in the rooms—a sincere, but probably injudicious, judgment. From that date up to the period of his death Mr. Inchbold pursued the art he loved with a devotion that could not be exceeded. And this enthusiasm is the more noteworthy as the exquisite delicacy of his art was not appreciated by the public. By the few who recognised his power—and among his admirers may be ranked some of the most distinguished men of the day—it was felt that this painter was as remarkable for originality as for poetic feeling. He was unequal, as artists who aim at a high ideal must be; but it has been truly said of him that he had "great moments." In one of these moments he painted his "White Doe of Rylstone," the property of Mr. Ruskin; and in another, "Drifting—the Lake of Geneva in a Calm," which was in the Grosvenor Gallery two years ago, and is now in the possession of Mr. Coventry Patmore.

Mr. Inchbold's latest landscape, and assuredly one of his best, was the "Dent du Midi," owned by Mr. Huth. It was exhibited in the Grosvenor last year. In 1877 the poet-artist published a volume of sonnets entitled "Annus Amoris," and we understand that he had prepared a companion volume for the press, to be called "Anni Pacis." Mr. Inchbold's sensitiveness of feeling showed itself in his life as well as in his art, and in both it was perhaps sometimes carried to excess; but those who knew him best loved and honoured the man even more perhaps than they admired the artist.

A lingering illness of a month or more terminated unexpectedly in heart complaint, and he died at Leeds, his native town, on Jan. 23, and was buried in Adel churchyard. Several of Mr. Inchbold's works were recently exhibited at an exhibition held under the roof of the Leeds Philosophical Society. It would be not a little interesting to lovers of landscapes if one on a larger scale could be held in London, showing the best that this remarkable artist has done in oil and water colours, and also as an etcher.

Sir Graham Berry, K.C.M.G., Agent-General for Victoria, presided at a dinner which was given on Feb. 6 at St. George's Club, Hanover-square, in honour of Mr. William Knox, secretary of the Broken-hill Silver Mines, prior to his return to Australia.

Kensington possessing no public memorial in honour of the Queen, a project was started some time ago to erect in the Townhall a statue or portrait bust. The scheme has now assumed a larger form, it being proposed to erect a lifesize statue of the Sovereign, by an eminent native sculptor, on some public spot.

In the annual football-match at Crewe on Feb. 4, between teams representing England and Wales, the contest ended in favour of England by five goals to one. The match at Blackheath between North and South was won by the South by a goal and a try to a goal. Birmingham defeated London at Kennington Oval by five goals to nothing.

The Duke of Cambridge, in a General Order to the Army, has awarded the silver medal for long service and good conduct to nearly three hundred non-commissioned officers and men, forty-eight medals going to the cavalry, forty-six to the artillery, sixteen to the Engineers, and the remainder to the Guards, Line, Highlanders, Rifles, and departmental corps.

In addition to contributions of £12,000 each promised by the Metropolitan Board of Works and the Lambeth Vestry towards the purchase of Raleigh Park, Brixton, as a public recreation-ground, the Charity Commissioners state that they are prepared to give a similar sum. This leaves only £4000 to be raised by voluntary contributions.

During January thirty-two certificates of naturalisation were granted to aliens by the Home Secretary under the provisions of the Naturalisation Act, 1870. Of these aliens fourteen are described as coming from Germany, seven from Russia, two each from Austria, Poland, and Prussia, and one each from Denmark, Greece, Polish Russia, Sweden, and Turkey.

Lord Connemara, Governor of Madras, arrived at Calcutta on Feb. 2 on a visit to the Viceroy. In the Legislative Council the bill for levying an import duty on petroleum has been unanimously approved.—The Portuguese Government has conferred the Grand Cross of the Order of Christ upon Lord Reay, Governor of Bombay, on the occasion of the opening of the railway connecting Poonah with Marmagao.

The Portrait of the late Sir Henry Sumner Maine is from a photograph by Messrs. Stearn, of Cambridge; that of the late Mr. J. W. Inchbold, from one by Messrs. Deneulan and Blake, 147, Strand; that of the late Surgeon-Major Giraud, from one by Messrs. Window and Grove, Baker-street; that of the late Dr. Boswell, by Messrs. Taylor and Sons, of Kirkcaldy; and that of Emin Pasha (Dr. Edward Schnitzler), by Abdullah Frères, of Cairo.

THE LATE DR. HERBERT GIRAUD.

The late Deputy Inspector-General Herbert Giraud, M.D., whose death took place at Shanklin, in the Isle of Wight, on Jan. 12, was one of the most distinguished officers of his time on the Medical Establishment of the Indian Army. He was born at Faversham, in Kent, in 1817, of a Waldensian family; and received his medical education at the University of Edinburgh, where, after an exceptionally brilliant career as a student, he graduated with the highest honours, in 1840. He was one of the founders of the so-called "Oineromathic Brotherhood," which was famous in the annals of the student-life of Edinburgh fifty years ago, and many of the early members of which afterwards became eminent in science—notably the naturalist, Edward Forbes, the two Goodsirs, George Wilson, and John Hughes Bennett. In 1842 Dr. Giraud was appointed to the East India Company's Medical Staff, on the Bombay Establishment; and in the same year the Linnean Society published his "Observations on Vegetable Embryology," which have since been embodied in all British and foreign systematic works on botany. In 1845 he was appointed Professor of Chemistry and Botany in the Grant Medical College, Bombay, which had then recently been organised, under Dr. Morehead as Principal and Professor of Medicine, and Drs. Peet, Sylvester, Haines, Bollingall, H. J. Carter, Impey, Campbell, and Mead, in various other professorships. All these have now passed away, except Dr. Carter, the greatest living authority on the natural history of sponges and nummulites, and Dr. Sylvester, who has since successfully devoted himself to landscape painting. Thus, through his early appointment to Grant College, Dr. Giraud was the first to introduce the study of chemistry and botany into Western India, and it is no disparagement to any of his colleagues to add that he was the most fortunate of them all in rousing the enthusiasm of the native students in European medicine and science. He was unrivalled as a lecturer, or can be compared only with his contemporaries, and to their last days his most intimate friends and correspondents, the late Professors Edward Forbes and George Wilson. He was easy and fluent in his address and apt and pertinent in his illustrations, and ever prompt to take advantage of any casual circumstance to give effect to his argument. Above all, he never failed in his experiments, which always went off with such spontaneity, regularity, and brilliant effect, that they seemed to be due to the direct action of his volition. In due time, Dr. Giraud became Principal of Grant Medical College, and also Chief Medical Officer to the Sir Jamssetjee Jejeebhoy Hospital; and Chemical Analyst to the Government of Bombay. He was also Syndic and Dean of the Faculty of Medicine in the University of Bombay. On the retirement of Dr. R. D. Peele, he was appointed to the staff of the late Lord Elphinstone as private surgeon; and held the same post continuously on the personal staff of both Sir George Clerk and the late Sir Bartle Frere. In the performance of the onerous and multifarious social duties in which he had to take his share at Government House, he proved himself as thorough and efficient as in the laboratory or at the rostrum. He, in fact, combined in himself all the best intellectual, moral, and social qualities of both the English and the French gentleman, and was as sincere and single-hearted as he was intelligent, wise, and universally cultivated. He resigned his post in the service in 1865, from which date he lived in retirement at Shanklin.

Besides the paper already named, he contributed numerous articles on chemical and botanical subjects to the "Transactions" of the Botanical Society of Edinburgh, and to the "Annals of Natural History," "The London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine," "The Edinburgh Philosophical Journal," the "Transactions" of the Bombay branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, and the "Transactions" of the Medical and Physical Society of Bombay.

LATE MR. GEORGE GODWIN, F.R.S., F.S.A.

This eminent architect and author, editor of the *Builder* since 1844, died on Jan. 27, at the age of seventy-three, having been born on Jan. 28, 1815. He was the son of an architect in London, and entered his father's office when thirteen years of age, but had a strong inclination to the literary, scientific, and historical aspects of his art. A technical treatise, however, on concrete as a building material, gained him the first medal of the Institute of British Architects in 1835; it was translated into several European languages, and is a work of standard authority. In 1836 and 1837, he took an active part in establishing the Art Union of Art, to which he was honorary secretary. He wrote an appeal to the public on the subject of railways. In 1838, he began an important descriptive work on "The Churches of London," published with illustrations in two volumes. He contributed much to the "Transactions" of the Institute of British Architects, the Society of Antiquaries, the *Art Journal* and other scientific magazines, edited the *Builder*, and was author of "Buildings and Monuments, Modern and Medieval," published in 1848; "History in Ruins," a series of popular essays, in 1853; "London Shadows," "Town Swamps and Social Bridges," and "Another Blow for Life," advocating sanitary improvement of the dwellings of the poor; "Memorials of Workers"; and several pieces of light literature and plays for the theatres. He also, with Mr. Lewis Pocock, edited "The Pilgrim's Progress," and wrote a memoir of Bunyan. In his professional business as an architect, he designed the Colney Hatch Lunatic Asylum, St. Mary's Church, West Brompton, and St. Jude's, and the Infant Schools, Redcliffe, Bristol; and conducted the restorations of St. Mary Redcliffe Church and of other old churches. He made drawings for Mr. Charles Kean's fine historical scenes at the revival of Shakspeare's plays at the Princess's. In 1878 he projected the scheme of a national theatre in London, to be independent of popular caprice or fashion. He received the Queen's gold medal of the Royal Institute of Architects in 1881, and founded a scholarship of £40 a year for the study of foreign architecture. He was one of the Royal Commission of 1884 on the housing of the working classes, and bore honorary distinctions conferred on him by different British and foreign institutions.

The Portrait of Mr. Godwin is from a photograph by Messrs. Barraud and Jerrard.

Mr. John Charles Williams, of Caerhays Castle, St. Austell, has been appointed Sheriff of Cornwall.

Mr. Theobald, M.P., has been elected president of the Essex Agricultural Society.

Thomas Callan and Michael Harkins, Americans, were found guilty at the Old Bailey, on Feb. 3, of conspiring with others to cause explosions in the United Kingdom, and of being in unlawful possession of dynamite, and Mr. Justice Hawkins sentenced them to fifteen years' penal servitude.

The weekly entertainment at the Brompton Hospital on Tuesday, Feb. 7, was given by the Grenadier Guards' Minstrel Troupe, under the direction of Captain F. C. Ricardo. The performance included some effective vocal and instrumental solos, with choruses and some clever dancing, and afforded immense amusement to the inmates.

The Universal Verdict of the Press of London.

ST. JACOBS OIL

CONQUERS PAIN.

WHITEHALL REVIEW.—St. Jacobs Oil has, it appears, received no less than six gold medals during the past year, for its wonderful efficacy to 'Conquer Pain.'"

MODERN TRUTH.—"We recommend this truly wonderful remedy—St. Jacobs Oil—to everyone who is suffering from pain. We are personally acquainted with many marvellous cures effected by its use."

MYRA'S JOURNALS.—"When a remedy possesses such remarkable curative properties as St. Jacobs Oil, it is not to be wondered at that her Majesty's troop-ships are not considered ready for sea until a supply is on board."

ST. STEPHEN'S REVIEW.—"It is said that a great number of London postmen would be wholly unable to perform their arduous duties were it not for that famous remedy St. Jacobs Oil, which they apply to the muscles after a severe day's work."

WEEKLY DISPATCH.—"St. Jacobs Oil has cured thousands of cases of rheumatism and Neuralgia, which have resisted treatment for the greater part of a lifetime."

EVENING NEWS.—"The cures effected by the use of St. Jacobs Oil are simply wonderful."

SUNDAY TIMES.—"From our personal experience and inquiries St. Jacobs Oil will accomplish all that its proprietors claim for it; its extraordinary merits are being rapidly recognised, as shown by the daily increasing demand."

COURT AND SOCIETY REVIEW.—"The remarkable cures effected by the use of St. Jacobs Oil have become the subject of extensive comment on the part of leading newspapers."

LONDON FIGARO.—"One of our oldest subscribers writes us 'that, having suffered for more than ten years from a stiff and painful knee, he was permanently cured in less than ten minutes after the first application of St. Jacobs Oil,' and asks how we account for this: is it not almost magical?"

ENTERTAINMENT GAZETTE.—"There is no bodily pain which cannot be removed by the use of St. Jacobs Oil: it acts like magic."

PICTORIAL WORLD says of St. Jacobs Oil.—"Its powers are truly wonderful; it has cured people who have been crippled from pain for over twenty years."

DETROIT FREE PRESS.—"We have no hesitation in recommending St. Jacobs Oil to all suffering from rheumatism as being a 'Conqueror of Pain.'"

PRIMITIVE METHODIST.—"The wonderful efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil for the cure of rheumatism and other painful ailments has made it one of the most popular remedies of the day."

CHRISTIAN MILLION.—"St. Jacobs Oil must prove of incalculable value to the army of sufferers from rheumatism and kindred ailments."

SUNDAY SCHOOL CHRONICLE.—"The 'Lincolnshire Echo' recommends St. Jacobs Oil for rheumatism and neuralgia as the most effectual cure ever known."

MADAME SCHILD'S JOURNAL OF FASHION.—"Such overwhelming testimony must place St. Jacobs Oil, in reputation, at the top of the list as an alleviator and cure for rheumatism and neuralgia."

TIMES AND ECHO.—"We should most certainly say that St. Jacobs Oil is worthy of all attention: its undoubted efficacy is testified to by thousands of people."

LADY'S PICTORIAL.—"The mass of testimony in favour of St. Jacobs Oil as a 'Conqueror of Pain' is simply overwhelming."

UNITED SERVICE GAZETTE.—"There is nothing that equals St. Jacobs Oil for removing pain."

NEWS OF THE WORLD.—"The wonderful discovery of St. Jacobs Oil deserves to be made known everywhere."

EVENING STAR.—"It is a fact that St. Jacobs Oil relieves and cures rheumatism, just as sure as the sun shines in the heavens."

THE PEOPLE.—"One of the Cunard S.S. Co.'s oldest engineers, Mr. William Buchanan, has been permanently cured of severe neuralgia in the head by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, after having been given up to die by six prominent medical men in Liverpool."

REYNOLDS' NEWSPAPER.—"All speak in the highest praise of the marvellous results obtained from the use of St. Jacobs Oil as an outward application for pain."

SPORTSMAN.—"St. Jacobs Oil is invaluable in training: and will cure strains of the muscles, stiffness, and rheumatism."

SPORTING LIFE.—"One of the most excellent remedies for sprains, bruises, strains, overtension of the ligaments, and other ailments incidental to athletic sports, is St. Jacobs Oil."

WHEELING.—"No cyclist should be without a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil on his machine as a part of his equipment."

ENGLAND.—"The phenomenal success of that great remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, as a 'Conqueror of Pain' is quite the talk of the town."

BRITISH WEEKLY.—"Some really marvellous cures of rheumatism are effected by the use of St. Jacobs Oil."

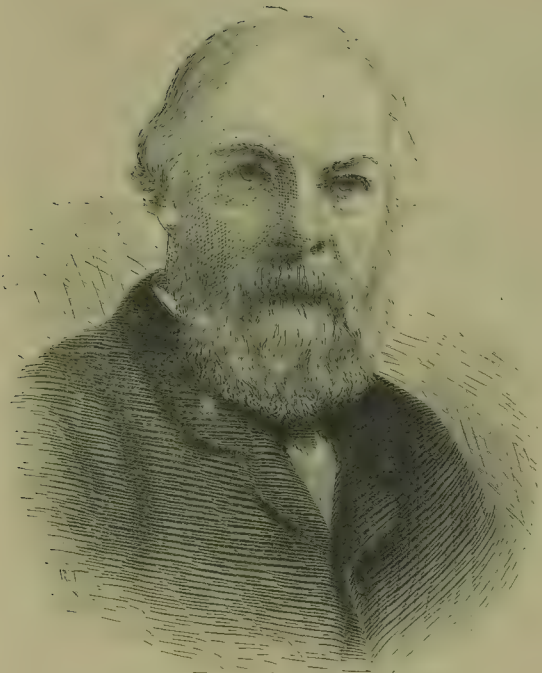
CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH.—"There is now a remedy which does one thing thoroughly: it 'Conquers Pain': its name is St. Jacobs Oil."

CHRISTIAN WORLD.—"It is impossible to say too much in favour of the astonishing efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil in severe cases of rheumatism."

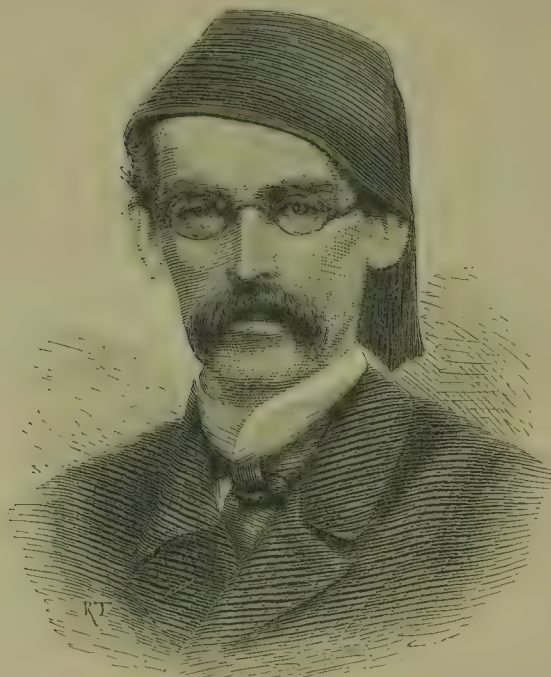
CHRISTIAN AGE.—"The Rev. G. Duncan states that he recommends St. Jacobs Oil for rheumatism and neuralgia as the most effectual cure he has ever known."

FACTS.—The above statements are certainly entitled to the most serious consideration of every thinking man and woman. The statements are facts. Everyone will find that St. Jacobs Oil relieves and cures rheumatism just as sure as the sun shines in the heavens. It acts like magic. It is simple; it is safe; it is sure. After the most thorough practical tests on invalids in hospitals and elsewhere; it received six Gold Medals at recent International Expositions for its marvellous power to conquer pain. It cures when everything else has failed. It has cured people who have been lame and crippled with pain for over twenty years. It is an external remedy. It goes right to the spot. Each bottle of the genuine bears our facsimile signature

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LANDSCAPE ARTIST.



EMIN PASHA (DR. SCHNITZLER),
GOVERNOR OF WADELAI, ON THE WHITE NILE.



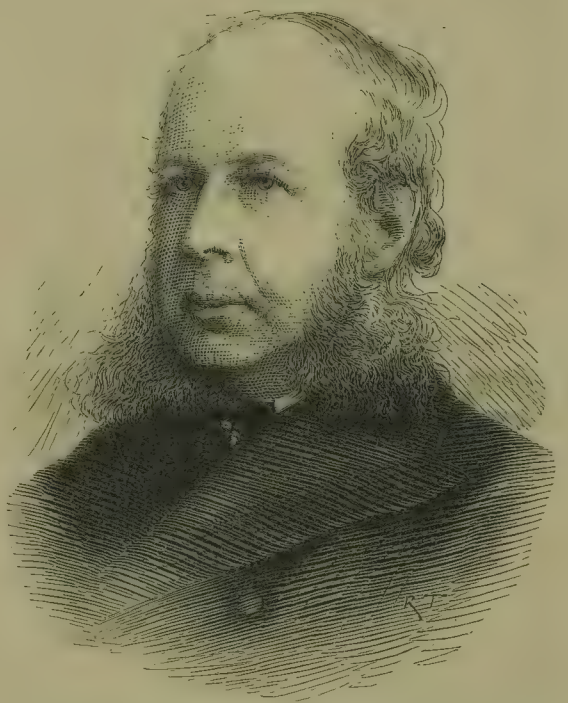
THE LATE DR. J. T. IRVINE BOSWELL,
OF BALMUTO, FIFESHIRE, BOTANIST.



THE LATE MR. GEORGE GODWIN, F.R.S., F.S.A.,
ARCHITECT AND AUTHOR.



THE LATE SURGEON-MAJOR HERBERT GIRAUD, M.D.,
INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF THE BOMBAY ARMY.



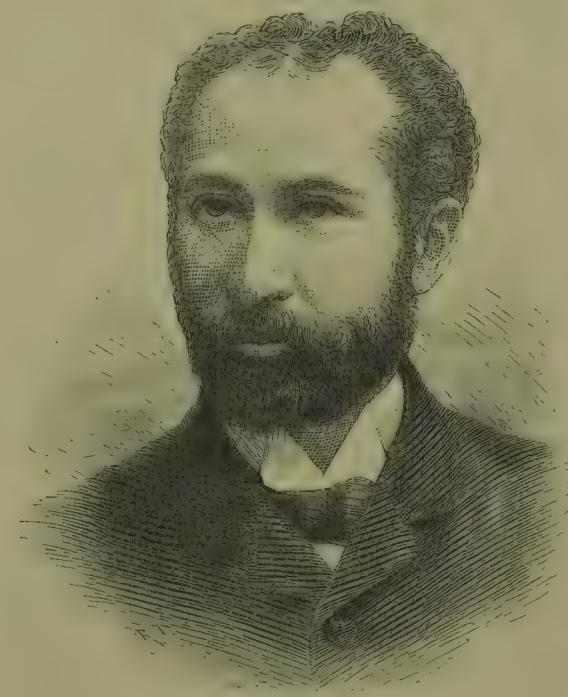
THE LATE SIR HENRY SUMNER MAINE, K.C.S.I.,
MASTER OF TRINITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE.



COLONEL JESSER COOPE.



MAJOVE, A NATIVE OF AMATONGALAND.



MR. ROBERT GRANTHAM.



MEN OF THE DAY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARBAUD, 225, OXFORD-STREET.

THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT, M.P.



RE-OPENING OF SOUTHWELL CATHEDRAL, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE: THE CHOIR.



RE-OPENING OF SOUTHWELL CATHEDRAL, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE: THE NAVE.

SOUTHWELL CATHEDRAL.

Southwell Church, Nottinghamshire, which has now become the cathedral of the Midland Diocese, was reopened after restoration, on Feb. 2, in the presence of the Archbishop of Canterbury. A special service was held, and was attended by a congregation of 2000 people from all parts of the diocese. Amongst those present, beside the Archbishop, were the Bishops of Southwell, Lincoln, Lichfield, Salisbury, and Newcastle, the Bishop Suffragan of Nottingham, Bishop Mitchinson, the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans, Earl Manvers, Lord Belper, Sir John Mowbray, Sir Henry Wilmot, Sir T. W. Evans, and about 400 clergy. The Archbishop and Bishops, and their chaplains, the Archdeacons, and the Canons robed in the Chapter-house, and were received by the choir. A procession was formed and proceeded through the north aisle, across the front of the altar, and down the south aisle, singing the Benedicite. The Archbishop walked at the rear of the procession, preceded by an acolyte carrying his crozier. His Grace's train was borne by two boys, robed in scarlet and lawn. The procession having arrived at the west end of the Cathedral, the psalm ceased, and as the Bishops and clergy walked up the centre of the nave the Old Hundredth hymn was sung. At the entrance to the chancel the procession divided, the Bishops and Archbishop taking their places before the altar. The choir was occupied by clergy fully robed. A special prayer was offered and the procession returned to the nave. The Archbishop and Bishops took their seats on the south side of the nave, and the Bishop of Southwell read the appointed lesson. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Lichfield. In the afternoon a sermon was preached by the Bishop of Salisbury.

The cathedral church at Southwell has long been used only as the parish church, but it is a dignified and important edifice, and its repairs and restorations, in the last forty years, have cost the Ecclesiastical Commissioners £31,000, Mr. Ewan Christian being the architect employed. The late Bishop of

Lincoln consulted Mr. G. E. Street about special restorations and decorations of the choir, which have partly been executed; leaving the pulpit, bishop's throne, and any further screens and fittings required to be carried out hereafter. The stalls and screens of the choir have been furnished by Messrs. Cornish and Gaymer, of North Walsham, who have devoted considerable care and skill to the elaborate carving with which they are enriched. The flooring, also of stone and marble, has been supplied by the same firm.

The Very Rev. E. Magennis, P.P., Drumlane, has been appointed Catholic Bishop of Kilmore.

The vacancy in the Court of Common Council caused by the death of Mr. Deputy Brass has been filled by the election of Mr. Lovett.

The anniversary dinner in aid of the benevolent branch of the Dramatic and Musical Sick Fund will be held at the Hôtel Métropole on Ash Wednesday, Feb. 15. Mr. H. L. W. Lawson, M.P., will occupy the chair.

A memorial to the late Duke of Buccleuch was inaugurated, on Feb. 7, in the presence of a large assembly, at the County-buildings, Edinburgh. The memorial consists of a statue placed on an ornamented pedestal, with representations of the incidents in the life of the Duke of Buccleuch. The cost of the memorial is upwards of £6000. The Earl of Stair unveiled the statue; and the Duke of Buccleuch, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, and others took part in the proceedings.

Colonel Walter Henry Wilkin, of the 3rd Middlesex Volunteers, has been unanimously elected Alderman for the Ward of Lime-street, in the room of Mr. Alderman Cotton, who has succeeded the late Sir Robert Carden in the Ward of Bridge Without. Colonel Wilkin, who was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1875, has for upwards of a dozen years served as a Common Councilman, and consequently is well versed in City affairs.

EMIN PASHA.

We have reason to hope and expect that, before this time, the expedition conducted by Mr. H. M. Stanley, up the Congo and the Aruwimi, to the Equatorial Nile region, will have arrived at Wadelai, immediately north of Lake Albert Nyanza, to the relief of Emin Pasha and the Egyptian garrison, who have been more or less beleaguered there, during several years, by unfriendly native tribes, and have been shut off from communication with the civilised world.

Our Portrait of Emin Pasha (Dr. Schnitzler) is from a photograph taken at Cairo, before he joined General Gordon in the Sudan, where he received the appointment of Governor of the Equatorial or most southerly province of Egypt. Gordon's selection of Emin for this important office was justified by the result, as that gallant officer has not only followed in the steps of his late chief, by putting down the slave-trade in his province, but he has, like Gordon, held the balance level, in his administration of justice.

Dr. Schweinfurth forwarded the photograph of Emin Pasha to Mr. Charles H. Allen, secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society.

The Queen has granted the title of "Royal" to the Scottish Society of Painters in Water Colours.

Mr. Gerald Herbert Portal, a Second Secretary in her Majesty's Diplomatic Service, has been appointed a Companion of the Order of the Bath.

The *Dublin Gazette* announces the appointment of the Earl of Milltown and Mr. Peter O'Brien, Attorney-General for Ireland, as members of her Majesty's Privy Council.

The President of the United States has sent a gold watch and chain to Captain Ritchie, of the steam-ship State of Indiana, and to Mr. Campbell, the chief officer, a binocular-glass, for saving, in the Atlantic, the crew of the Boston ship Triumphant.

BIRTH.

On Nov. 1, 1887, at her residence, Sydney, N.S.W., the wife of Captain Hille Liljeblad, late of the "Ellengowan," of a daughter.

DEATH.

On Jan. 31, at Balmuto, Kirkcaldy, Fifo, John Thomas Irvine Boswell Boswell, LL.D., F.L.S. &c., aged 66 years. * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THE MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS. NEW AND IMMENSELY SUCCESSFUL PROGRAMME. EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT. SPECIAL DAY PERFORMANCES EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY at THREE as well. Tickets and Places, Austin's Office, St. James's Hall.

COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, and NEURALGIA.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See the "Times," July 13, 1884.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1883.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Extract from the "Medical Times," Jan. 12, 1886.—"Is prescribed by scores of orthodox practitioners. Of course, it would not be thus singularly popular did it not supply a want and fill a place."

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is the best and most certain remedy in Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, &c.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is a certain cure in Cholera, Dysentery, Diarrhoea, &c.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—CAUTION.—None genuine without the words "Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne" on the Government stamp. Overwhelming medical testimony accompanies each bottle. Sole Manufacturer, J. T. DAVENPORT, 33, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, London. Sold in Bottles, 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

BANK OF NEW ZEALAND (Incorporated by Act of General Assembly, July 29, 1861). Bankers to the New Zealand Government. Capital subscribed and paid up, £1,000,000. Reserve Fund, £500,000. Head Office—Auckland.

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES. In Australia—Adelaide, Melbourne, Newcastle, and Sydney. In Fiji—Suva, Levuka. In New Zealand—Auckland, Blenheim, Christchurch, Dunedin, Invercargill, Napier, Nelson, New Plymouth, Picton, Wellington, and at 97 other towns and places throughout the Colony. This Bank grants Drafts on all its Branches and Agencies, and transacts every description of banking business connected with New Zealand, Australia, and Fiji on the most favourable terms. The London Office RECEIVES FIXED DEPOSITS of £50 and upwards, rates and particulars of which can be ascertained on application. F. LARKWORTHY, Managing Director, No. 1, Queen Victoria-street, Mansion House, E.C.


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and my message is to the Wise. I crown, with a fadeless wreath, those who obey my laws and avail themselves of my counsels. The flowers that I give do not wither, and the fragrance of my roses is perpetual. I bring bloom to the cheek—strength to the body—joy to the heart. The talisman with which I work never fails. Vast numbers have felt its power, and testified to its virtues. It is

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THE WORLD'S MEDICINE!

A perfect remedy for disorders of the liver, stomach, and digestive organs, accompanied by nervous debility.

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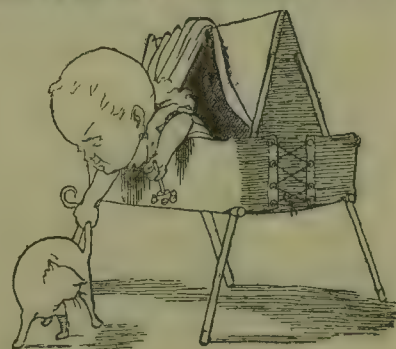


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Cure Coughs.		
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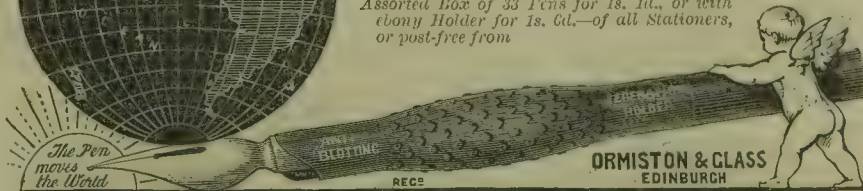
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THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A HOUSE-BOAT.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER VII.

"My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,
When Phoebe went with me wherever I went;
Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my breast:
Sure never fond Shepherd like Colin was blest!
But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a sudden I find!
When things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought 'twas the Spring; but alas! it was she."

The ancient little town of Wallingford, as every schoolboy ought to know—but probably doesn't—has as much history crammed into its annals as would furnish subject-matter for twenty lectures. The destruction of its walls by the Parliamentary army was an affair of but the other day, so to speak—a quite recent occurrence, when you come to treat of the chronicles of Wallingford. Why, they had a Mint established here before the Norman Conquest! Can it be wondered at, then, that when we go on shore for a prow through this venerable borough, Miss Peggy should naturally associate herself with the only member of the party capable of giving her a clear and comprehensive view of the transactions of the last dozen centuries? The frivolity of youth may be acceptable for the moment; the singing of "Green Bushes" and strumming on guitars, and such nonsense, may pass an idle evening; but when the ingenious mind seeks for higher things—when it asks for instruction and lucid and ample and accurate information—it is to age, or at least to a respectable seniority, that it unhesitatingly turns. Mr. Jack Duncombe seemed surprised that his companion of the previous day should so wantonly forsake him, and march off without a word of apology. But what did he know about Saxons and Danes? He would have put Archbishop Laud and Sir William Blackstone into the same century; and, just as likely as not, he would have gloried in his ignorance.

And yet, as we perambulate the damp and almost deserted streets of the little town, on this dull, blowy, uncertain, grey-skied morning, it is not of history, ancient or modern, that Miss Peggy is talking. A suggestion has been made to her that she should try to obtain, somewhere or other, a newspaper, to find out what has been occurring all this time throughout the inhabited globe. Miss Peggy distinctly objects.

"No, no," she says; "it is far more delightful to be cut off from everybody and everything. Never mind what has been happening. They are all minding their own affairs; and they have forgotten us; and we are much better to be entirely by ourselves."

"And empires may be going to smash, and you don't care!" "I'll tell you what I should like to do now," she says. "I should like to be able to pop up to the sun, for just a single day, and go round with him, and see the whole thing—see how everything was going on all the way round, and what it all looked like—and then come back and alight at the same place at the end of the twenty-four hours."

"Your notions of science are primitive, Miss Peggy." "Oh! I hate science," she says, pausing for a second at a milliner's shop-window, and then coming on again; "I just hate science. It never tells you anything that interests you. I don't care a cent whether there is or is not carbonate of soda in the moon. I like living things—human beings, mostly."

A great part of the afternoon she had spent in reading up the history of the various colleges, in such guide-books as we had with us.

"But not too many of them at once?"

"Why, science can't tell you what the life of a butterfly is, let alone the life of a costermonger, or a priest, or an actress!"

"Or a young lady whose pastime is the destruction of the peace of mind of young men?"

"Well, anything you like," she says carelessly. "I don't want to know what chemicals I'm made up of. I want to know why the look of some women makes me distrust or dislike them; and why you take to other women, almost at first sight, and want to be friends with them; and why you detest some men, and why other men are—well, not so detestable: things of that kind are really interesting. I should like to know how we came to be in the world at all—and every one of us different from the other, that's the odd thing; and where we are going when we leave it?"

"Wouldn't it be easier to decide where you think you deserve to go?"

"Ah," she says, and it is a bootmaker's window she is looking into now, for these things seem strangely civilised after our solitary intercourse with meadows and trees and water and skies, "I have told you before: if only you were honest, you would admit that you never met anyone as good as I am; and you would say that I behave like a perfect angel."

"I am ready to swear to both. The fact is that your behaviour at present is not only very good, but so good as to be suspicious."

She forsakes the bootmaker's window.

"Let's see, what were we talking about?" she asks, though her eyes are covertly laughing.

"You were assuming that the sun went round the earth, for one thing."

"Oh, I hate astronomy," she says, perhaps glad enough to get away to this new subject. "There is no plan in astronomy, no regularity; everything is different from everything else; and that is what makes it difficult to understand. Now, for example, why shouldn't there be a crescent sun as well as a crescent moon?"

"There ought to be a crescent sun, certainly, if you think so."

"They make all these differences just to puzzle you, and then they set up to be the clever ones, and get themselves

called Fellows of Societies. —Say, it isn't really going to rain, is it?"

Now, this is a candid description of the kind of conversation that was going on; and everybody must see that if it wasn't very coherent, nor yet very profitable for instruction, at least it was harmless enough. Why, therefore, that young man should have kept worrying, and interfering, and bothering us with his townhalls and old churches and Roman remains simply passes one's comprehension. To humour him, we went away down a stable-yard—belonging to the George Inn, I think—in order to look at a door of carved wood which, he said, had originally belonged to Wallingford Castle. It was very old, he informed us. He added that it was of Spanish pine. And when we suggested that so valuable a relic (he said it was valuable) need not have been disfigured with a coat of hideous paint, he seemed hurt. And when Miss Peggy said she wanted to go and find a "store" where she could get some silk and wool for her crewel work, Mr. Duncombe was left to continue his exploration of the antiquities of Wallingford in the society of his hostess, who, as ever, was bland towards him and complaisant.

On our return to the boat, and while we were making the necessary preparations for resuming our voyage, the weather looked as if it might turn to anything. The wind had risen; there was a surcharged sky; there were shifting gleams of light here and there.

"Before long, you will find a good deal of Constable about," is the general warning.

"That means waterproofs," says Mrs. Threepenny-bit, promptly. "I don't like good landscape days. They always mean either waterproofs or sitting indoors."

Indeed, the words were hardly out of her mouth when the rain began—a few pattering drops, rapidly developing into a smart shower; in the midst of which both the women-folk summarily retreated into the saloon, leaving the navigators of this noble vessel to themselves.

"Well, we shall be in Oxford to-morrow," says the young man—and he need not look so exceedingly depressed simply because Miss Peggy has not paid him as much attention this morning as usual—"and I shall be glad of it. The real business of your trip will begin then. All this Thames affair is just a little bit too familiar."

"To you, perhaps; but not to us. Besides, we are entertaining a young American stranger, who has never been up the Thames before, and who seems to like it well enough."

He declines to speak about Miss Rosslyn.

"The Thames has been done by everybody; I am looking forward to something more novel."

"And you are likely to get it, too, if all they say is true about those disused canals. But what have you to complain of now—except the rain, and that's going off? Why, we were told we should find the Thames overcrowded; and yet we have had it practically to ourselves. Do you want anything more solitary and remote?"

If he had had the honesty to confess it, it was his solitariness at this moment that was weighing on his spirits; for he was listening to the distant tinkling of a banjo. Any sane person would instantly have construed that into an invitation, and would have gone away forward to the saloon; but young people, when they have taken offence, are peculiar. Here he was quarrelling with the Thames, which a good many folk have declared to be a beautiful river. It was a pity he could not urge objections against the Nameless Barge, for that was chiefly of his own designing. He could not even find fault, decently, with the weather, for it was doing its very best to improve—already there was a pale, watery sunlight breaking through the clouds, and wandering over the misty green landscape. Why did not he forthwith summon the two women to come out again? Because Miss Peggy, who was a diligent young lady, had to go away and buy silk and wool and things of that kind when she should have been searching with him for the remains of Roman walls?

It was left for someone else to summon them. Murdoch, having finished with his duties of the morning, had smartened himself up, and now came forth from his quarters.

"Will I tek the tiller, Sir?"

"No, thank you."

Before going in again, in sailor-like fashion he gave a rapid glance to his surroundings. And very likely he may have been thinking that here was a capital sailing-day just being thrown away and wasted. The breeze that was blowing us onward was strong enough to raise the silvery surface of the river into hurrying waves; the willows were rustling and bending, their foliage now grey, now green; the buttercups were nodding in the meadows, or lying prone before the blast. And in this brief look round, something caught his attention—certain lilac-grey and white birds circling round, or darting this way and that, against the leaden-hued and windy sky. Murdoch regarded them with astonishment.

"Bless me!" he said, apparently to himself. "They're no' sea-swallows!"

"But they are," one of us answers him; "and they mean remarkably bad weather when they make their appearance in these parts."

"Well, well—indeed, now!" said he, still eyeing them with an astonished curiosity. "And it iss a long way from home that they hef come."

Clearly Murdoch imagines that the terns have come all the way from the Sound of Mull, or Loch Sunart, or some such distant place; but the next moment he disappears. We cannot hear him; but we know he is tapping at the door of the saloon. Presently two women appear at the bow, one of them holding on her sailor-hat, for the breeze is brisk.

"Do you see those sea-swallows?" the other one cries, in the teeth of the wind.

"Yes, of course," answers the man at the wheel.

"What are they doing here?"

"Raising a storm. Don't you know that we are simply flying?—we shall be dragging Coriolanus along directly."

"What do sea-swallows mean by?"

The sentence was never completed, for a startled yell from the steersman suddenly rent the air. The tow-line had caught on a stump. Palinurus, with his gaze as usual fixed on the far horizon, was paying no heed; and by the time that the cry of alarm had recalled him to his senses, the Nameless Barge had quietly slewed round, and run its nose, gently but firmly, into a bank of mud, rushes, willow-shrubs, and miscellaneous water-weeds.

One of us, of course, has to go to the bow, as Palinurus sadly returns to unhitch the line; for in such an emergency what are women good for but sarcasm?

"You were boasting just a little too much of your speed!" says the elder fiend.

"It was those confounded birds—everybody was looking at them."

"Tern, Fortune, tern thy wheel, and lower the proud," says the younger one, in an undertone; but she need not have been afraid—in any case the wind would have prevented Jack Duncombe from overhearing her flippant impertinence.

That ignominious stoppage took place on the stretch of water between Benson Lock and Shillingford Bridge; but we were soon on our way again—the favouring wind making of

the labour of Coriolanus a mere holiday task. In due course of time we had passed Shillingford and the mouth of the small river Thame; and had caught sight, across the fields, of Dorchester Abbey, and also of the sinuous lines of the fortifications of a Roman camp. We moored for luncheon by the side of a meadow just above Day's Lock. Here the bank is a few feet high; so that, sitting at table, we found that the buttercups and dandelions and daisies, all swaying and nodding in this brisk breeze, were just level with our windows and our view. The banquet was not attended with state. Our only companions were the swallows skimming along and across the stream. We had no brass band playing; but there was a lark singing high in the heavens, and somewhere, in the distance, the occasional carol of a thrush. The only other sound was the rippling of the wind-ruffled water along the sides of the boat. For stillness, and solitariness, and silence, we might have been in the depths of a Canadian forest.

Now, during all this time these two young people had not approached each other; and of course it was not for Miss Peggy to make the first advances, even if she had been so inclined. And in any case he did not give her the opportunity; for he devoted himself entirely to Queen Tita; and as he was talking to her in a half-cornful, half-petulant fashion, we guessed that once more the critics were catching it. Some scraps of his conversation reached us.

"I wish the newspaper-offices could be flooded with carbolic acid," we overheard him say, rather angrily.

"Why?" asks Queen Tita, with much civility.

"Because the scientific fellows say that carbolic acid destroys low organisms."

"Yes?" she says again, not understanding.

"Well, the number of critics would be considerably reduced."

"If the dramatic critics," one interposes, to put this foolish boy straight, "are like the literary critics, you wouldn't find one of them in the newspaper-offices. You would be more likely to find them in South Kensington, living in palatial houses, each with his brougham, and their wives going to Drawing-Rooms and Foreign Office receptions. Do you still imagine there is such a place as Grub-street?"

And yet again we could hear Queen Tita telling him of some of her adventures in Italy, and magnifying the mercilessness of the mosquitoes in certain of the towns; and when she spoke of having been stung so badly, on one occasion, that her arm was swollen from the hand up to the elbow, he said—

"Of course the mosquito must have been feeding on some putrid object—a critic, most likely."

Whereupon Miss Peggy asked, in a low voice—

"Were they very severe about his comedy?"

That, however, is a question which one cannot answer her; because plays by novices are not very interesting to the ordinarily busy person in this country, while newspaper criticism of plays by novices is still more to arouse the attention. Besides, at the time that Jack Duncombe's piece was produced, we knew hardly anything about him.

We had to wait a considerable time for the return of Old Pal, for it appeared that, he having gone to fetch a bucket of water for Coriolanus, that gallant steed had wandered off into space, and had got near to Dorchester before he was found. But he in no wise refused to resume his appointed task; he took to it quite placidly; and once more we were peacefully gliding through the still landscape. The afternoon was clearing, though there was still an April look about the banked-up clouds, with their breadths of bronze or saffron-hued lights here and there. A touch of blue was visible in places; the various tints of the foliage had grown more vivid; at last there was a glimmer of pale sunlight on the rippling water. Indeed, there was more of Constable than of Corot, now, as the world seemed to emerge from the prevailing mist. And so we go on by Clifton Hampden, and by Appleford, and by Sutton Courtney (Miss Peggy is of opinion that these old English names were a good deal prettier than Clearanceville, and Cuttingsville, and the like); the most exciting incident the while being the sudden scurrying across a field of a hare, that sits up on its haunches and regards us, looking singularly red among the green; or the whirring away of a brace of partridges, put up by Coriolanus, the birds eventually subsiding into a wide and golden sea of buttercups.

We had had some thoughts of pushing on to Oxford that evening; but as rain began to fall again, and as we wished Miss Peggy's first impressions of the famous University town to be favourable, we resolved upon passing the night at Abingdon. Indeed, we were all of us glad to get in out of the wet; and when waterproofs had been removed, and candles lit, the blinds drawn, and Murdoch's ministrations placed on the table, it did not much matter to us what part of England happened to be lying alongside our gunwale. Miss Peggy, it may be said, was quite preoccupied about this city of Oxford; a great part of the afternoon she had spent in reading up the history of the various colleges, in such guide-books as we had with us; and it was understood that, until the weather improved, we should go no further, but rather give up the time to showing her over the most interesting of these foundations.

"And you will find other objects of interest, Peggy," her

hostess says to her. "You will see a great many very good-looking lads, all with their college cap and gown on."

"You said they called themselves men as soon as they went to Oxford?" Miss Peggy observes—for she is always curious about English ways and customs.

"So they do, but they're mostly boys, all the same. And very pretty boys, too—of the unmistakable English type—light-haired, clear-complexioned, and clear-eyed; nearly all of them well-built, athletic-looking young fellows. Oh, yes, you will find some objects of interest in the Oxford streets! And, of course, you can't expect but that they may look at you a little—just the least possible thing, as you go by."

Miss Peggy shifts the subject, as one having no concern for her.

"Do you know an inn called the Mitre?" she asks innocently.

"Of course we do."

"But they say it dates from the fourteenth century!" she says, glancing towards one of the guide-books as though the compiler of it had been trying to impose on her.

"Well?"

this stately vessel, is a good bit away from the centre of the town, and it might be a nuisance to be continually driving or walking backwards and forwards, and what I want to know is this—supposing we were to put up for these two or three days at an inn, and supposing that inn to be the one you were talking about—the Mitre, in the High-street—how would that suit your views?"

"Do you mean it?" says Miss Peggy, with a flash of delight in her sufficiently expressive eyes: no further answer is needed.

"What we think of the proposal," says Queen Tita, in her grand manner, to her neighbour the budding Dramatist, "is of no consequence. Oh, no! Our convenience is not to be consulted in any way whatever. It is nothing that we shall have to pack up all over again, just when we were getting everything into its proper place. We pretend to go away on a boating expedition, and pass the time in inns, just because a person—a person—comes from America whose mind runs upon bygone centuries. And it is that person who is to say yes or no. Everything is to be done for her. We are not of the least account; everything is to be arranged to suit the whims of the American person."

Miss Peggy looks doubtful; she seems uncertain as to whether this remonstrance is wholly a pretence.

"I am sure," she says, regarding Queen Tita with honest eyes, "that I am quite willing to keep to the boat, if anyone wishes it—yes, and very gladly too. It will be very unfair if you allow me to interfere with what anyone else may wish just for want of telling me."

"Peggy, don't be silly!" her hostess says abruptly, but not with much unkindness.

"Why, you will be quite delighted with the old-fashionedness of the Mitre, if you are able to preserve your wits in trying to remember your way along the passages. And then, you're almost certain to see one of the University lads entertaining his friends at lunch in the coffee-room—that is very amusing—the superior airs of the host, and his directions to the waiter—the way the boys look at the wine before drinking it, and their affectation of indifference and manly self-possession. Unfortunately, when they have drunk a little champagne they are apt to forget their dignity, and then they begin to chaff the waiter, and laugh rather loudly at very small jokes. I suppose we shan't be allowed to go and sit in the billiard-room?—that ought to be interesting."

"Then you won't really mind the trouble of packing?" asks Miss Peggy, with a pretty air of innocence.

"Goodness gracious, child, don't you understand that we shall often have to put up at an hotel, if only to get our washing done? And the Mitre is in the middle of everything: it will be a hundred times more convenient than this huddled-up caravansary. Peggy, wouldn't you like to drive out to Woodstock, and see Blenheim Park and Fair Rosamond's Well? Or, at least, to Godstow Nunnery, where she is supposed to be buried. Poor thing," says Queen Tita, absently, "I wonder whether they cut off all her beautiful hair when she entered the convent."

"Are you speaking of Fair Rosamond?" says Miss Peggy. "I thought Queen Eleanor poisoned her."

"They say not. They say she gave up all her splendour, and went into Godstow Nunnery, and lived in great penitence and piety for many years, and died and was buried there," says this learned person; and then she continues, "I don't

know how it is, but the women in history who get most of our pity and sympathy are generally the women who haven't been quite what they ought to have been. I would rather have a bit of Mary Stuart's embroidery, done by her own hand, than all the jewels Queen Elizabeth ever wore."

"Do you think that possible," says Miss Peggy, with a sudden interest—"to get a scrap of sewing, no matter how small, that Mary Queen of Scots did with her own hand? No; surely not! Why, now, to think of having a treasure like that to show!"

"There must be plenty of pieces, if only they could be identified," says Mrs. Threepenny-bit (who has before now expressed her own vain desires in this direction), "for she spent the long years and years of her imprisonment in doing hardly anything else, and embroidery doesn't easily perish. I should think some of the old Scotch families must have heirlooms of the kind. I wonder if Colonel Cameron would be likely to know. There, Peggy; there is an idea for you. Choose Sir Ewen Cameron to be your knight, and give him this quest!"

"But I never even heard of him," says Miss Peggy.

"Oh! we know him well enough; we'll ask him to come along, and get his commission from you. And he is a Highlander, he will do anything for a pretty face."

At this moment there was a tapping at the door, and presently another Highlander—to wit, our faithful Murdoch—appeared, to clear the table; so that the project of equipping and sending forth a nineteenth-century Sir Galahad was for the present abandoned, if it was not quite forgotten by these two crazy folk.

We had no music this evening, for everyone was busy in getting his or her things ready for going ashore on the following



Through the dismal pall of rain we could see the slopes of Nuneham.

"The fourteenth century?" she continues. "Why, that was long and long before Shakespeare's time. And if the inn was there when he lived I suppose he must have passed it every time he went to Stratford or came back to London. Oxford is on the high road to Stratford, isn't it?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And do you mean that Shakespeare really passed this inn every time—or, perhaps, slept the night in it?"

"Well, tradition says there was another inn in Oxford—the Crown—that was his favourite haunt. But certainly he must have passed the Mitre—though it was probably not in all its parts precisely the same building that you'll find there to-day."

"But, really—he used to ride along the same street that we shall be in to-morrow?" she says, in a half-bewildered way. "Well, you can't understand how strange that is to me. These things and places seem to us at home to be so very far away when we read about them—it is all like a kind of fairy-land. You don't expect ever to see the actual street."

"Come, now, Miss Peggy," one of us says to her, "how will this do? We shall probably have to remain in Oxford for two or three days. There are some arrangements to be made; we have to find out somebody who is familiar with the canals; and we have to get a horse for him as well; and a lot of things of that kind. Then you want to see the colleges, and one or two of the libraries and museums. Besides that, we have several friends in the place, who will expect us to call on them, and they will be only too anxious to entertain a simple-minded young American stranger, so long as she behaves herself. And then, again, we don't want you to see our English scenery through a deluge of rain: we must wait for better weather. Now, Folly Bridge, where we shall moor

morning. It was during these preparations that the senior members of the party unexpectedly found a chance of having a few words together privately.

"Have these two quarrelled?" says Mrs. Threepenny-bit.

"Not that I know of."

"The formality of their manner towards each other is rather odd after yesterday."

"Well; if he chooses to take offence because she refused to go traiking* about the streets of Wallingford with him, she will doubtless let him have his own way."

"You think that is all? I believe the mischievous wretch is playing him—and playing him very skilfully, too."

"She wouldn't take the trouble. She has been a good deal more interested in hearing about those colleges all day long."

"Well, at all events," says this tom-tit Machiavelli, "I am not very sorry that at present they are on terms of rather cool acquaintanceship. For we shall be seeing several people in Oxford; and it is as well they should understand that, although these two are with us, nothing is meant by it. I don't want to have anything happen while the girl is under my charge. Match-making is a thankless office; and I hope to get to the end of this trip with both of those two innocents quite heart-whole. Innocents? Yes, a precious pair of innocents they are! My private impression is that the one is as bad as the other; and if anything happens to either of them, it will be richly deserved. I shouldn't wonder if she taught him a lesson he wasn't expecting. But in the meantime—"

"Yes?"

"In the meantime," Queen Tita says, with a laugh. "Peggy is just a little too well-behaved for me. Where's all her fun? I wanted a lively companion; she's as prim as a school-miss."

"You cannot have everything. You told her before we started that you were doubtful as to the way she might behave; and now she is showing you, from hour to hour, from day to day, that there is not a more properly-conducted young lady in the whole of this land."

"Oh, yes—when she is studying English history—Magna Charta—the Barons—and so forth—and running the boat aground at the same time. Do you think I don't know why she wanted to get away and buy silk and wool this morning? 'Unter vier Augen' is Peggy's motto. And you will see how she will bewail those old fogies at Oxford to-morrow—her timid inquiries—her pretended reverence for the founders—her courteous interest in everything; and all the time she will be perfectly aware that she is reducing some learned old Professor, or Proctor, or Doctor, to the condition of a jelly. If you could only see Peggy's face when she turns round, after having listened with the profoundest attention to some dreadful old bore—"

"Will you stop talking about her, anyway; and take such things as you want; and get out? Duncombe will be back here in a minute."

"I tell you this," she says, as she prepares to depart with a bundle of articles encased in her arms, "that before Peggy has done with Mr. Duncombe, she will teach him not to speak so patronisingly about girls. He will be singing a different tune before Peggy has finished with him."

Alas! for our fond desire that Miss Peggy should approach Oxford under favourable influences of weather. All that night it rained hard; in the morning it was raining hard; when we left Abingdon it was pouring in torrents. There was half-a-gale blowing, too; and no easy task was it to steer this long and unwieldy craft against the heavy current, with a stiff breeze knocking her about at the same time. A more doleful picture than that around us could hardly be conceived—the leaden and lowering sky, the dull, coffee-coloured river, the dark meadows, the dripping willows and elms and chestnuts; and yet, when Queen Tita mournfully asked if this were the merry month of May, she received her answer from the shore, for through the dismal pall of rain we could see that the slopes of Nuneham were blue with wild hyacinths.

"Bell's children," says a mite of a creature, from within the monkish cowl of her waterproof, "say that I'm always in a tempest, when I go over to drive them away from their books, and into the open air. Well, if they saw me now, they might think it was literally true."

"They call her Auntie Cyclone," Miss Peggy is informed, "and that is a very good name for her, only much too complimentary. She isn't a cyclone at all: she's only a shallow disturbance."

"Ah! did he say such things about you?" says Miss Peggy, in consolatory tones; and she even puts her hand on her friend's arm, to comfort her. But is there anything more ludicrous and ineffectual than the endeavour of two women to display sympathy or affection for each other while they are encased in waterproofs? The india-rubber seems to act as a non-conductor of kindness. Besides, their cuffs are tight, and their hands are cold, and usually there is rain running down their noses. On this occasion, Queen Tita prefers to take no notice; she merely resumes her wail about the weather.

"And just as we are coming to Ilfley, too—to the mill and the bridge and the poplars that have been painted from every inch of difference of a point of view! And the river as you get near to Oxford—why, it is quite a pretty sight to see the various boats, and the barges moored by Christ Church Meadow, and all those young lads looking so brisk and healthy, and full of life and enjoyment! Well, we may get a better day before we leave Oxford."

We are not likely to encounter a worse. The rain keeps pegging away, in a steady, unmistakable, business-like fashion, as we draw nearer to those half-hidden spires among the trees. The river is quite deserted; there is not a single boat out on the swollen and rushing stream. The long row of barges, notwithstanding their gay colours and gilding and decorations, look so many pictures of misery; and would appear to be quite untenanted but that here and there a curl of smoke from a stove-pipe suggests that some solitary steward or caretaker is trying to keep himself warm. And so we get on to Salter's rafts, and secure our moorings there; while Jack Duncombe good-naturedly volunteers to remain behind and settle up with Palinurus, and see our luggage forwarded to the hotel.

In a few minutes three of us are in a cab, and driving through the wan, cold, dripping, black-grey thoroughfares. And it is little that the grave and learned seniors of those halls and colleges—and it is little that the younger Fellows, snugly ensconced in their bachelor rooms—it is very little indeed they suspect that a certain White Pestilence has arrived in Oxford town.

(To be continued.)

The Duchess of Albany has consented to become patroness of the Parkes Museum, of which the Duke of Albany was president until his decease.

The Leeds Town Council have authorised the waterworks committee to construct a new tunnel from the Eecup reservoir to the Seven Arches, parallel to the existing tunnel, at an estimated cost of £30,000.

* This is a Scotch word difficult to translate accurately.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

NORTH-BAC.—We are very glad you succeeded with No. 2284. The first move of that problem is very subtle, and well conceived to puzzle the solver.

R. P. (Penzance).—Thanks for the games. Sorry to hear you are on the sick list; but everyone appears to be so just now.

K. E. (Fahin, Sweden).—Thanks; the problem shall have early attention.

J. Q. (Clontarf).—If found correct your problem shall appear.

H. T.—When furnished with the key move of a three-move problem you should be able to correct such a trifling misprint for yourself. The move is: 2. K to Kt 3rd, and 3. Kt mate, follows.

W. J. H. (Geneva).—No lady player has ever taken a prize in an International Tournament; but Mrs. Gilbert, of Hartford, U.S.A., and Miss Thorold, of Bridlington, are very nearly first-class players.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2280 received from Corporal P. Edwards (Bareilly, India); of 2281, from Peru, C. E. P. A. Hunter, James Easton, W. V. Arnold; of 2282, from C. E. P. A. Hunter, J. R. M. Anderson, Columbus, S. Bullen, C. Oswald, Major Prichard, Joseph Ainsworth, Mrs. Kelly, J. E. (Whites), Van Berghout, W. H. Railleux, George Cousins, Dr. F. St. B. H. Cochrane, W. V. Arnold, I. Falcon (Antwerp), L. Desanges, H. Wardell, A. C. W. (Dover), Thomas Chown, N. S. Harris, W. J. Hinnex, North-Bac, R. Worters, Amy W. (Dover), E. London, J. C. E. Baker, Rev. Winfield Cooper, Sir Launcelot, New Forest, Bernard Reynolds, Colonel Hugh W. Pearson, A. Hunter, J. P. M. and E. E. H.

Note.—The author of this problem desires it to be noted that a White Pawn on Kt 5th, preventing the Rook being played to Kt 6th, will prevent the second solution.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2285.

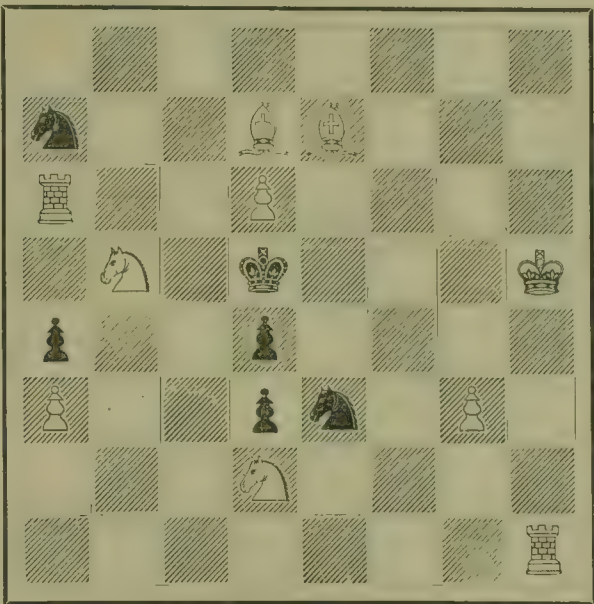
WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Q R 4th. B takes Q
2. B to K 7th (ch) K to R 4th
3. P to Kt 4th, mate.

Variations obvious.

PROBLEM No. 2288.

By ANTONIO F. MOSLEY (Manchester).

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS AT THE DIVAN.

A novel and interesting Evans' Gambit played last year between Messrs. POLLOCK and BURN.

(Evans' Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	19. Q takes R P	B to K Kt 5th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	Well played, in by no means an easy position.	
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	20. Kt takes B	R P takes Kt
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes Kt P	21. Kt to R 4th	R to Kt 2nd
5. P to B 3rd	B to B 4th	If 21. P takes Kt, White clearly mates in two moves.	
6. P to Q 4th	P takes P	22. Q to K 4th	P takes Kt
7. Castles	P to Q 3rd	23. B to R 6th	P to B 4th
8. P takes P	B to Kt 3rd	24. Q to Kt sq	Kt takes P
9. B to K Kt 5th	P to B 3rd	25. P to B 3rd	B to R 4th
This continuation is unusual, but it presents some interesting variations.			
9.	P to B 3rd	26. P to B 4th	
The following occurred in the B.C.A. tournament in a game between Messrs. Pollock and Guest.			
10. Kt to B 3rd	K Kt to K 2nd	26.	P to K 5th
11. B to R 4th	P to K 3rd	27. K to R sq	Q to B 3rd
12. Kt to K 2nd	Kt to Kt 3rd	28. B takes R (ch)	K takes B
13. B to Kt 3rd	Kt to R 4th	29. R to Kt sq	K to R 2nd
14. Q to Q 3rd	B takes Kt	30. R to K 3rd	B to Kt 5th
15. P takes B	Kt takes B	31. Q to Kt 2nd	Q to Q 3rd
16. Q takes Kt	Q to Q 2nd	32. P to K R 3rd	B to R 4th
17. P to Q R 4th, with a strong attack.		33. Q to K B 3rd	Q to K B 3rd
10. B takes Kt	R takes B	34. K to R 2nd	P to B 4th
If 10. P takes B, then Q to Kt 3rd, threatening Q to B 7th or B takes R P.			
11. Q to Kt 3rd	K to B sq	35. P to R 4th	R to R sq
11. R to B sq is preferable.			
12. B to K 3rd	Q to K 2nd	36. Q to R 2nd	B to B 2nd
13. Kt to B 3rd	B to K 3rd	37. Q to Kt sq	R takes P
14. Q to R 4th		38. K to R sq	R to R 7th
Threatening 15. P to Q 5th.			
14.	B to Q 2nd	39. P to Kt 4th	
15. Q to B 2nd		The latter portion of this game lacks point. White here makes a despairing effort, but the defence is too cool and steady for him.	
With the intention of advancing the K P.			
15.	P to K Kt 4th	39.	P takes P
16. Q R to K sq	R to K Kt 4th	40. R takes K P	Kt to B 6th
17. Kt to Q 5th	Q to Q sq	A beautiful and brilliant finish. Black can defy the discovered check.	
18. P to K 5th	Q P takes P	41. R to Kt 2nd	K to R 3rd
		42. Q takes R	B takes Q
		and Black wins.	

A few more specimens from the Bohemian collection:—

By JAN DOBRUSKY.

White: K at Q R 6th, Q at K R 7th, Kt at Q B 8th, B at Q Kt 7th. (Four pieces.)
Black: K at Q Kt square, R at Q R 8th, Kt at K R 4th; Pawns at Q R 4th and Q Kt 6th. (Five pieces.)
White to play and mate in three moves.

White: K at K B square, Q at K B 3rd, Kt at Q R 6th, Kt at Q 2nd, B at K Kt 5th; Pawn at K B 2nd. (Six pieces.)
Black: K at Q B 4th, R at Q B 2nd, B at K B 8th; Pawns at K Kt 7th, K B 5th, Q 6th, Q Kt 5th. (Seven pieces.)
White to play and mate in three moves.

A match between the London Banks and the London Railways was played on Jan. 31 at the Guildhall Tavern. Appended are the names of the competitors and their respective scores:—

LONDON BANKS.	RAILWAYS.	LONDON BANKS.	RAILWAYS.
Sturton 3	Knight 3	Brt. forward .. 6	
Challis 2	Taylor 2	Huntley 2	A. Hoare .. 1
Reid 1	Cope 0	Littlehales .. 1	Jones 0
Jeans 1	Tarrant 0	Daniel 0	Cunneock .. 1
Coxhead 1	Hill 0	Weston 1	Laloe 0
Wallace 0	Hennell 0	Scrivner 1	Minn 0
A. H. Watson .. 1	E Bayly 0	Stevenson 1	Parsons .. 0
Shaw 2	Bowles 0	Mullins 1	H. Hoare .. 0
Gurgeon 0	Fisher 1	Cumberland .. 0	Parker 1
Dyer 0	Toad 1		
G. H. Watson .. 1	H. Bailey .. 0		

Sharp shocks of earthquake were experienced early on the morning of Feb. 2 in various parts of Scotland. The tremor, which extended over a large part of the north of the country, was not of long duration, and no serious damage is reported. A similar tremor, but of slighter force, was observed in various parts of Warwickshire on the previous day.

THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT, M.P.

Among the most illustrious politicians of our age and country, the figure of John Bright is unique. He has never been officially "in power," and never sought to be; he has never undertaken to form or manage "a Party"; he has been only slightly and briefly engaged in administration; he has never personally introduced or conducted a Bill in Parliament; he is a stranger to the machinery of "caucuses," and to every species of political intrigue. He has spoken directly to the heart and mind of the people, but no public man is less of a demagogue or flatterer of popular caprices. He has gained, lost, recovered, waived aside popularity, but has still held the esteem of good men of all classes, without ever giving a sign that his conduct was to be influenced by any prize of ambition. The great authority which he has exercised is purely moral and intellectual; for even when he was an active leader and counsellor of a powerful association, he had nothing to do with such patronage as it might bestow on aspirants to the political profession, and never, certainly, with helping anybody to get into office, or to rise a step in social rank. These negative characteristics of his career, distinguished from those of great contemporary statesmen who have been great Party managers, who have become, if they could, Prime Ministers, have been obliged to consult a variety of personal claims and interests of their followers, and to adjust, even in the Cabinet, an ever-shifting balance of more or less legitimate demands of important sections and classes, leave Mr. Bright in a position of singularly free individuality. He is, and has always been, the representative of certain abiding principles and ideas, of the "causes" embraced by his earliest convictions, from none of which he has for a moment wavered; but to what party does he belong? The name of "Radical" he has expressly disclaimed, though his ideas of Reform, if the time had come for them to be realised, would sweep away the hereditary House of Lords and the Established Church. He cannot therefore be called a Conservative; and, in the days of the Whigs and Tories, he was as hostile to the one as to the other of the rival aristocratic factions. If the ground and bottom of his political convictions be an assured faith in democracy, this is not, in his mind, an implicit reliance on the impulses of feeling that happen to sway the mass of the labouring classes. He probably conceives of the development of a grand common-sense average opinion, to which the wise and equitable persons of all classes, if unjust privileges and exorbitant interests were excluded, might be led to assent, and which would, he trusts, be in accordance with the moral law, with his views of Christianity, and with the real welfare of the whole nation. This ideal concurrence of righteous, prudent, and benevolent deliberations among those of every different class who are exempt from sinister influences affecting their political judgments, is the democracy of Mr. Bright.

His education as a Quaker, his early occupation as a cotton-manufacturer in Rochdale, then a small country town of Lancashire, and the simplicity of his domestic habits and tastes, kept him apart from fashionable associations. He acquired a rare strength of private judgment, with integrity and consistency in the use of it, which he has maintained during more than half a century of public life. The Quaker doctrine is not popular; there is seldom any difficulty in rousing the passion for war; the strict doctrine of political economy is not popular; unthinking people of the middle and working classes feel their spirits raised by large Government expenditure, and are entertained by military parade. To Mr. Bright, war is a sin, and waste of revenue is a sin, both of which he denounces in the name of God; and from these religious convictions the finest efforts of his eloquence have proceeded. His political eminence, which could not, in the present age, have been won by preaching those doctrines, so uncongenial to the multitude, was the result of his great exertions for the Anti-Corn-Law League. In his speeches on that question, he was rather the advocate of the cause of the working classes, of their right to earn wages and to buy food without hindrance from the landlord monopoly, than the systematic expounder, like Cobden, of abstract principles of commercial economy. He was not less convinced than Cobden of the truth of Free Trade principles; but he never seems to have made an equally minute and comprehensive study of their applications. The mental habit of Mr. Bright differs essentially from that of his illustrious colleague; it has little aptitude for the collection of details, or for the inductive logical process; it reasons downward from axioms which he holds indisputable, and which are consecrated by his profoundest sentiments. His powerful imagination gives to the subjects of his oratory—to the interests, the rights, the wants, the miseries, of large numbers of mankind—a vivid reality which provokes ardent sympathy, and they cease to be the materials of a calculating problem. He loves poetry—that of the Bible, that of Milton, that of Cowper, and that of Byron. His intellect is not of the scientific, but in a high degree of the poetic, type; or, let us say, the prophetic, which is akin to the poetic, being the inspiration of feeling intensely, as actual or potential fact, that which faith and reason impress on the mind. This is the quality of Mr. Bright's most earnest and impassioned speeches; of those by which he protested against the Crimean War, or deprecated our enmity to France, some years later, or insisted on justice to Ireland and justice to India, or supported the cause of the great American Republic against the rebellion of the slaveholding States. With the same glow of moral enthusiasm, he has upheld every claim of civil, social, and religious liberty, and has denounced every criminal action of Governments, and has demanded an equitable system of Parliamentary representation, as the basis not of mere surrender to the variable wishes of the populace, but of just rule in conformity with average public opinion.

It is quite needless here to recapitulate the particular events of a life so well known as that of John Bright. He was born at Rochdale, Nov. 16, 1811, and it has always been his home. He joined the first committee of the Anti-Corn-Law Association in 1838, and was elected M.P. for Durham in 1843. He represented Manchester from 1847 to 1857, when he lost his seat, as Cobden did, by reprobating the bombardment of Canton and the Chinese War; but in the same year was elected for Birmingham, which is not likely to part with him. He held office as President of the Board of Trade in Mr. Gladstone's first Ministry of 1868; and, as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, in Mr. Gladstone's second Ministry of 1880, but withdrew from it in July, 1882, because of the bombardment of Alexandria. "For I hold," he said, "that the moral law is intended not only for individual life but also for the life and practice of States. I think, in the present case, there has been a manifest violation of international law, and of the moral law, and I cannot repudiate what I have taught and preached to thousands of my countrymen. I asked my calm judgment and conscience what was the path of right to take, and I am humbly endeavouring to follow it." In the same spirit, we may be sure, Mr. Bright has more recently acted, in his opposition to Mr. Gladstone upon the question of Irish Home Rule. The Irish peasantry, when formerly oppressed by an unjust state of the Land Laws, had no better friend than he, and no such powerful champion in the Parliament of the United Kingdom.



THE LAGUNES, VENICE.

BY MISS CLARA MONTALBA.



KITTENS.—BY C. BURTON BARBER.

ROYAL INSTITUTE ART-UNION EXHIBITION.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 21, 1887) of Mr. Alfred Krupp, late of the Steel Works, Essen, Rhenish Prussia, who died on July 14 last, was proved on Feb. 1 by Frederick Alfred Krupp, the residuary legatee, the value of the personal estate within the jurisdiction of the English Court amounting to upwards of £273,000. Subject to the yearly payment to his wife, Bertha, née Eichhoff, of such a sum as she may appoint, but not exceeding 500,000 marks, the testator nominates his son, Frederick Alfred Krupp, as his heir.

The will (dated July 8, 1884), with two codicils (dated Nov. 11, 1884, and Nov. 9, 1887), of Mr. Robert Sutherland, late of Millicents, Egham, Surrey, who died on Jan. 9 last, was proved on Feb. 1 by Hugh Lewis Taylor, William Westgarth, and Joseph Macdonald, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £253,000. The testator leaves £500 each to the Inverness Infirmary, the Merchant Seamen's Hospital, the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society, the Hospital for Incurables, the Life-Boat Institution, the Cancer Hospital (Brompton), and the Consumption Hospital (Brompton); £100 to the Egham Cottage Hospital; his freehold house and land at Egham, with the furniture, &c., therein, and £20,000 to his nephew Joseph Macdonald; £20,000 to the Rev. George Sutherland Mackay; £40,000 to the children of Robert Matheson; £10,000 to John Macdonald; £10,000 to Mrs. Margaret Matheson; and other large legacies to relatives, friends, and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his nephew Joseph Macdonald and the Rev. George Sutherland Mackay, in equal shares, as tenants in common.

The will (dated Aug. 26, 1880), with a codicil (dated Oct. 30, 1883), of Mr. William Weston, formerly of Field House, Abbey Wood, but late of Rock House, Sydenham-hill, who died on Dec. 9 last, was proved on Jan. 19 by John Baggallay, Charles Timothy Du Buisson Chamen, and Thomas Park Hope, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £172,000. The testator gives £1000, and all his pictures, glass, plate, household effects, horses and carriages to his wife, Mrs. Clara Weston; 200 guineas to each executor; and £100 each to the seven children of his brother William. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, as to one-half thereof, between his children, Mrs. Eliza Gibbs Hope, Richard William Gibbs Weston, Edith Mary Wood, Frances Sarah Weston, and Jessie Laidley Weston, in equal shares; and as to the other half, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and at her death between his other children, Gertrude, Ellen, William, Clarence, and Reginald Salter.

The will (dated Dec. 8, 1887) of Frederick Urban Sartoris, late of Rushden Hall, Higham Ferrers, Northamptonshire, who died on Dec. 14 last, was proved on Jan. 24 by Herbert Sartoris, the son, and the Rev. Sir Frederick Laud Robinson, Bart. the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £88,000. The testator, after confirming his marriage settlement, bequeaths £100, his jewels, silver, and household furniture, the use of Rushden Hall, for life, and an annuity of

£1040 to his wife, Mrs. Mary Anne Sartoris; and annuities to his daughters during the life of his wife. On her death he gives £6000 to his daughter Lady Madeline Caroline Robinson; £4000 to his daughter Mrs. Edith Craven; and £12,000 to his daughter Evelyn Mary. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son, Herbert Sartoris.

The will (dated Dec. 13, 1877), with a codicil (dated Jan. 14, 1879), of Mr. George Augustus Rochfort-Boyd, late of Middleton Park, Westmeath, who died on Sept. 18 last, was proved on Dec. 16 last, in Ireland, and resealed in London on Jan. 26 by Rochfort Hamilton Rochfort-Boyd, the son, and sole executor, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland exceeding £54,000. The testator gives £500 and the use of the family diamonds, plate, and pictures, to his wife, for life; all his securities for money between his sons Charles and George; and his house and lands at Lynbury, in the county of Westmeath, which he holds for the term of three lives, to his son Charles; but his wife is to have the option of living at the house. He settles certain estates in Ireland on his son George, and, subject thereto, he devises all his real estates in Ireland to the use of his son Rochfort, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively, according to seniority in tail male. The family plate, diamonds, and pictures are made heirlooms to go therewith. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son Rochfort, absolutely.

The Scotch Confirmation, under the Seal of the Commissariat of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated March 21, 1876), and codicil (dated Nov. 7, 1882), of Miss Maria Eliza Anderson, late of Glentarkie, and No. 2, Strathearn-road, Edinburgh, who died on Nov. 27 last, granted to the Rev. James Smith Candlish, George Bayley, John Pitcairn Easson and Isaac Fenton Bayley, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on Jan. 30, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland exceeding £33,000.

The will (dated June 28, 1886) of Sir Robert Montgomery, G.C.S.I., K.C.B., late of No. 7, Cornwall-gardens, Queen's-gate, who died on Dec. 28 last, was proved on Jan. 30, by Dame Ellen Jane Montgomery, the widow, and the Rev. Henry Hutchinson Montgomery, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £24,000. The testator devises his freehold property in Ireland, with the house erected thereon and the furniture therein, and £200 to his son Henry; £200 and an annuity of £200 to his daughter, Mrs. Lucy Dalison; £500 to his wife, and £200 each to his other two children. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and at her death to his children, Henry Hutchinson, Ferguson John, Lucy, and James Alexander Lawrence, in equal shares.

The will (dated Dec. 22, 1885) of Mr. Thomas Slade, late of Barber's Piles, Poole, Dorset, who died on Dec. 25 last, was proved on Jan. 28 by Mr. David Slade, the brother, and Mr. John Hayter Slade, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £17,000. The testator gives his furniture, plate, pictures, glass, and household effects, and the income of all the Three per Cent Consolidated Stock, standing

in his name in the books of the Bank of England to his wife, Mrs. Sarah Spurrier Slade, for life or widowhood; and at her death or remarriage, to his daughters, in equal shares. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son, John Hayter Slade, absolutely.

THE LAGUNE, VENICE.

The stately ancient Queen-city of the Adriatic sits on her island-stools, divided by many canals, the banks of which are covered with buildings and adorned with noble palaces and churches, within a space of the sea fenced in by Nature with a line of sandbanks, or long narrow islands formed of sand, extending seven miles from north to south. The several divisions of this sheltered piece of water are called the Lagune, or Lagoons; and from a boat traversing their usually placid surface, in almost any direction, the most beautiful views may be enjoyed, with skies glowing in the richest colours at morning and evening, reflected by the water, and with varied aspects of the city architecture seen in the distance; while vessels of diverse picturesque shapes and sails cross the nearer view, and the Alpine mountains far off, but clearly beheld in the clear air and strong light of Northern Italy, look down upon the glorious scene. Miss Clara Montalba's picture shows some of these delightful effects, which never fail to win the admiration of visitors to that magnificent seat of the old Imperial Republic, now a provincial city of the new kingdom of Italy, but second in historical renown only to Rome, and still majestic in appearance—

For such she was; her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers;
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity increased.

A Workmen's Industrial Exhibition will be opened at the People's Palace, Mile-end, on May 18. All articles exhibited must be legitimate specimens connected with the trade of the workman exhibitor.

Some idea of the growth of Wesleyan Methodism in Great Britain may be gathered from the annual report of the Connexional Chapel Committee, whose head-quarters are in Manchester. Within the past twelve months official sanction has been given in 437 cases, principally new chapels, and involving an outlay of £304,769. These new structures now in course of erection, with sundry enlargements in other buildings, will give Wesleyan Methodism this coming year 27,707 additional sittings. The amount to be raised by voluntary contributions is £222,109. In addition to the new erections, no less than 230 other cases, which have cost £189,886, are now returned as completed. £18,500 in the shape of debt has been discharged in the past twelve months, whilst the total amount thus expended during that period on new erections and in the reduction of debt is £332,026. The total debts discharged from Wesleyan Methodist trust property in Great Britain during the past thirty-three years is £1,881,596.



Good Complexion! AND Nice Hands!

NOTHING adds so much to personal attractions as a bright, clear complexion, and a soft skin. Without them the handsomest and most regular features are but coldly impressive, whilst with them the plainest become attractive; and yet there is no advantage so easily secured. The regular use of a properly prepared Soap is one of the chief means; but the Public have not the requisite knowledge of the manufacture of Soap to guide them to a proper selection, so a pretty box, a pretty colour, or an agreeable perfume too frequently outweighs the more important consideration, viz.: the Composition of the Soap itself, and thus many a good complexion is spoiled which would be enhanced by proper care.

A most Eminent Authority on the Skin,

Professor Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S.,

Writes in the JOURNAL OF CUTANEOUS MEDICINE:—

"THE use of a good Soap is certainly calculated to preserve the Skin in health, to maintain its complexion and tone, and prevent its falling into wrinkles. PEARS is a name engraven on the memory of the oldest inhabitant; and PEARS' Transparent SOAP is an article of the nicest and most careful manufacture, and one of the most refreshing and agreeable of balms for the Skin."

TO persons whose skin is delicate or sensitive to changes in the weather, winter or summer, PEARS' TRANSPARENT SOAP is invaluable, as, on account of its emollient, non-irritant character, Redness, Roughness and Chapping are prevented, and a clear appearance and soft velvety condition maintained, and a good, healthful and attractive complexion ensured. Its agreeable and lasting perfume, beautiful appearance, and soothing properties, commend it as the greatest luxury and most elegant adjunct to the toilet.

Testimonial from

Madame Adelina Patti.

"I HAVE found PEARS' SOAP matchless for the Hands and Complexion."

Adelina Patti

PEARS' Transparent SOAP.	{	TABLETS & BALLS:	PEARS' Transparent SOAP.
		1s. each. Larger Sizes, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.	
		(The 2s. 6d. Tablet is perfumed with Otto of Roses.) A smaller Tablet (unscented) is sold at 6d.	

SHOPPING IN SEDAN CHAIRS IN THE LAST CENTURY.

QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S VISIT TO PEARS', FOR SOAP FOR HER COMPLEXION, A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

COOPER COOPER & CO'S TEAS.

COOPER COOPER and CO'S TEAS.

COOPER COOPER and CO'S TEAS as below—

ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.

ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—Possessing strength and character.

ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—Such value as is not offered by any other House in the Kingdom.

ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—Analyzed and tasted by COOPER COOPER and CO.

ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—10lb. parcels, carriage free, in ½ lb. and ¼ lb. packets, or any other size for distribution.

ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—COOPER COOPER and CO. claim to be the largest and most extensive distributors of Tea in this Kingdom.

ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—COOPER COOPER and CO. sell not only the finest Tea the world produces at 3s. a pound; but the best Tea the world can furnish at 1s. 4d. a pound.

ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—COOPER COOPER and CO. buy none of the old, spent, attenuated leaves, but only such as are stout and robust.

ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—COOPER COOPER and CO. also sell strong and goodly Teas at 1s. 6d. and 1s. 8d. a pound.

ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—COOPER COOPER and CO. send these Teas to Clubs, Hotels, and Public Institutions.

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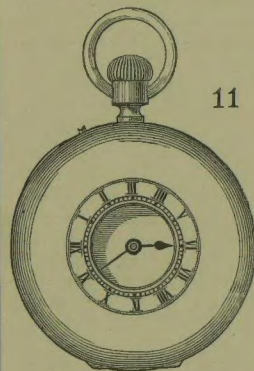
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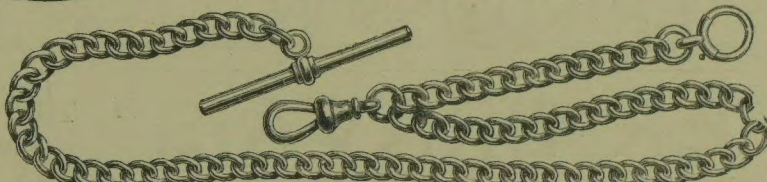


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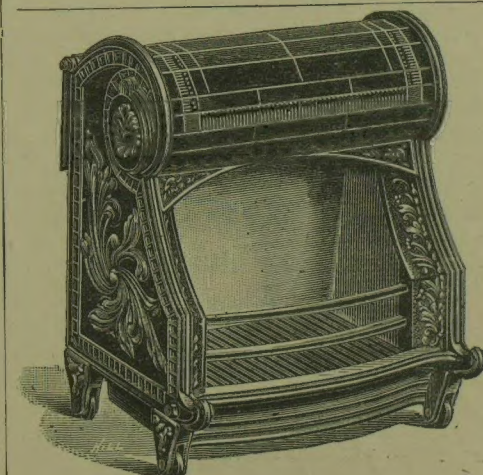


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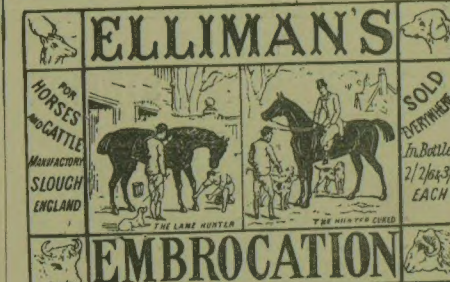
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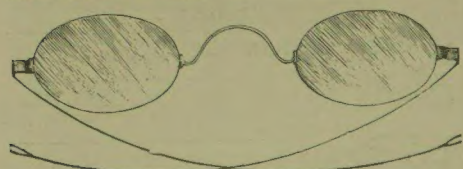
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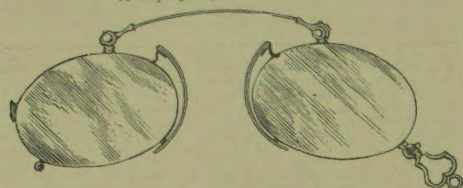


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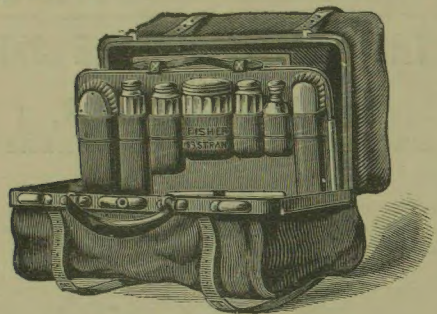
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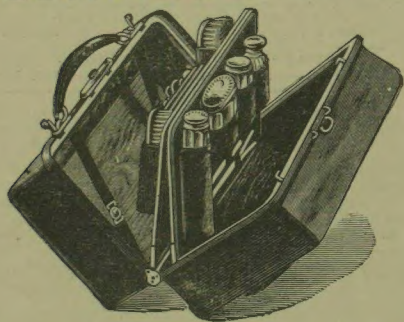
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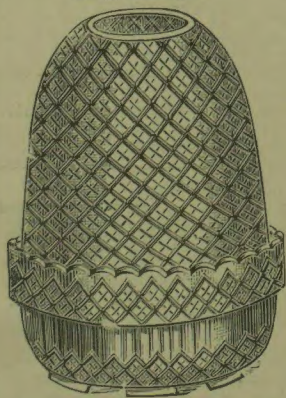
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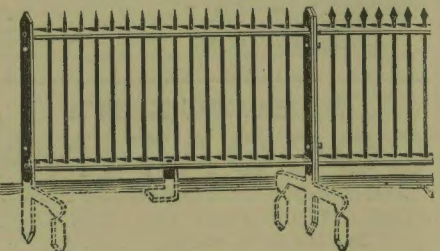
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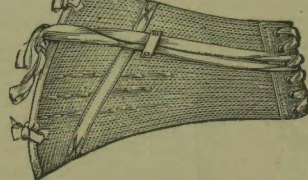
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